

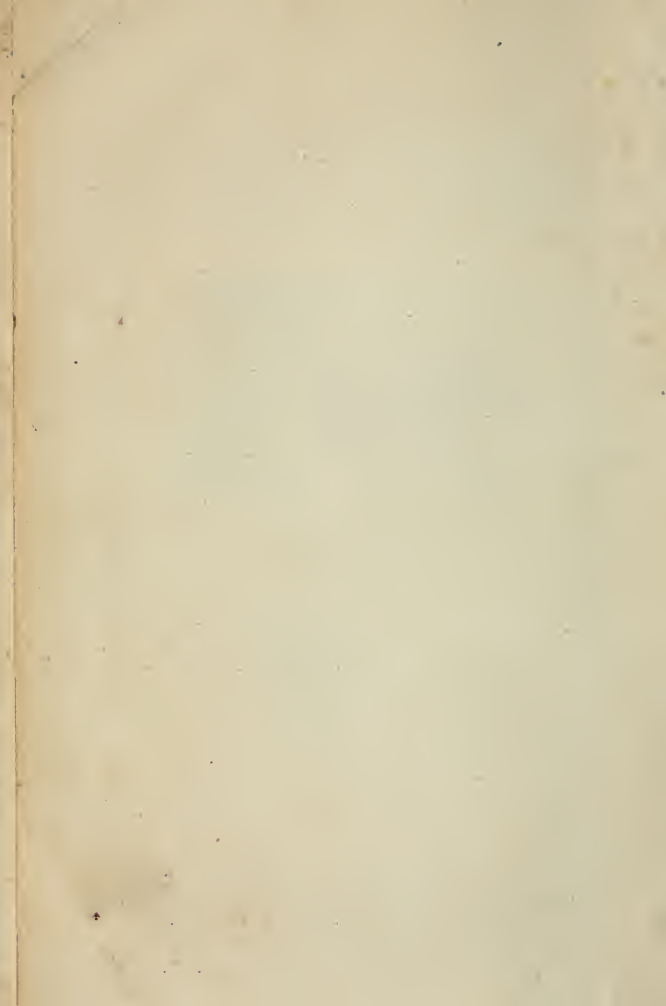
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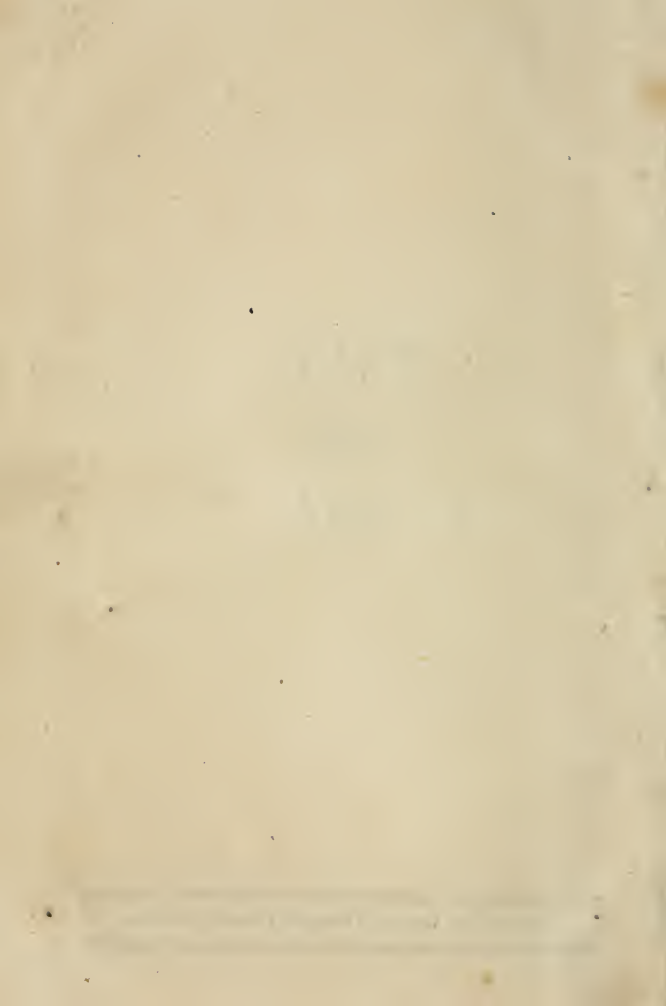


VAGA.



A NOVEL.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall Street, London.



VAGA;

OR,

A VIEW OF NATURE.

A Nobel.

~~~~~  
IN THREE VOLUMES.  
~~~~~

BY

MRS. PECK,

AUTHOR OF THE MAID OF AVON, WELCH PEASANT BOY,
YOUNG ROSINIÈRE, &c.

“At length Sancho said to his master, ‘Please, Sir, to ask Mr. Ape, whether the affair of the Cave be true? for begging your Worship’s pardon, I don’t believe a word of it.’—The Monkey being accordingly consulted, the answer was, *that part was true, and part false.*”

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VAG A;

OR

A VIEW OF NATURE.



CHAPTER 10.

EARLY in the morning, the wanderer rose, to pursue her travels. Her people were all in readiness for departure; and the two matrons, already equipped, waited, in the court-yard, the appearance of our heroine.

Presently the Mamlouk escort, led by the Moorish captain, galloped into the parade-ground, on the left wing of the palace. The troop was fully accoutred, in order of march; and

having formed, the commander dismounted; and giving his horse in care to an orderly man in waiting, he joined the ladies; and intimating to them his devotion, in a manner so happy, and free from affectation, he impressed the mind with a thorough confidence in him.

Vaga, meanwhile, as she descended into the hall, cast a farewell glance around. The place was forsaken—all was silent.

Shall I not see Osmond again? thought she.—Shall I not receive his blessing, at parting?—

A slave came running towards her; and giving a note into her hand, hurried away.

It was an excuse from the chief:—

“ I am with you, my Vaga!” said he, “ but must not indulge in useless ceremonies. When gone from

hence, I shall turn my face toward the chariot of the sun....I shall see you, in his all-glorious presence.... and in the intelligence of nature I shall hear you!"

As Vaga read this singular billet, a trembling seized her.....Resting her arm on the balustrade, and dashing away a starting tear:—

"O my God!" cried she, "let me not weep, because I have chanced, in this vale of mortality, on a wondrous man!"—

At this pause, the recollected firmness of her lover thrilling to her heart....."It is—it must be so!" said she aloud; "otherwise, could Osmond suffer me thus to leave him; nor, in the weight and fulness of his love, vent a plaint at parting?"

Lingering awhile, and drying her eyes:—"Dear, pleasant mansion of

hospitality," continued she, " adieu!" —Again she cast a farewell glance around and the ever-amiable Osmond, still present to her mind, seeming to fly from the sweetly affecting image, she hurried forward.

Passing under the colonnade, she was met by the Moor.—An attendant announced him, as a man distinguished by the Bey. Vaga graciously received the Mamlouk leader. He fixed his right hand to his breast, and, with a graceful inclination of his head, turned upon her such an eye of soul-appealing expression, as sunk into the heartthen, bowing gracefully a second time, with a dignified step he led the way.

The baggage and provisions, carried by camels, had already moved forward; and in a few minutes, all other arrangements made, our travellers, taking the

road to Suez, entered on a flat and uniform plain. Date trees thinly scattered, and mud-walled huts, formed the only variation in the landscape.—The horizon was every where the same; and no diversity of prospect, save a view of the sand-hills, or a lake of stagnant water.

Having journeyed through the day, they rested, during the night, in a valley. Vaga and her friends slept, as before, under canvass. The Moor threw himself down, in his cloak, outside her tent—watchful of his fair charge, as the dragon that guarded the precious fruit.

The following evening they arrived at Suez. The destitute condition of this city, formerly the seat of commerce, heightened the pensive enthusiasm of Vaga's mind.

As she looked around, on the ravages made by time ; each crumbling ruin, each fallen column, read her a lesson on the certain end of all things earthly, whether raised by human hands—or, by divine creation, given to breathe a short spell through nature.

Yes ! thought she — these decayed fragments of what once have been—are historic records :—monuments, to keep in view that all must yield to time and nature !—“ Philosophy,” said Vaga, “ is taught by the tombs O world ! world ! perishable as the sun-beam, that plays its hour out, and then disappears ; no solid good is yours to bestow :—your smiles are fickle—your favours transient—and the morrow is not in your gift.”

The travellers, anxious to get forward, and sufficiently restored by two

days' rest, resumed their journey; and leaving behind the melancholy scenery of Suez, set out for Acre.

The way was wild and romantic; a chain of sand-hills overhung the valley that wound round the base of the steeps. The naked scenery insensibly awoke the imagination to melancholy. Vaga sighed to think that the desolate picture, presented to the eye, but too much resembled the dreary blank in her heart.

They had continued to travel during the day; and, as the sun went down, they lingered, to find out a shelter among the hills for the night: when hearing a cry of distress, and following the direction of the sound, they perceived, at some distance, a party of Arabs: and the cry for help, again loudly repeated,—the Moor, aware of the sanguinary disposition and plun-

dering intent of these men ; giving the word to his troop, they pushed forward.

The banditti fled at the approach of the Mamlouks : and the persons thus rescued from death, were two men disguised as pilgrims. They had made a brave resistance, and one was wounded in the conflict.

He had received a deep cut on the side of his head ; and as the blood spouted forth, oppressed with faintness, he sunk upon the ground. His companion cast himself beside him ; and fondly raising him in his arms, with much affection supported him on his bosom : then gently examining the wound, he poured on it the pure and untainted shower of grief and love. Having bound up his head, he turned on him a look that seemed to say :—

Here, precious burthen! rest upon my heart, and make of me another Atlas, bearing Heaven!"

The wounded man was a veteran; his friend was a youth: and both were Europeans. They conversed together in their native tongue.

"Ha!" thought the Moor, regarding them with tender seriousness; "they are of England! and Vaga will cherish her poor wounded countryman."

The bleeding stranger, carried between four Mamlouks, was laid at Vaga's feet: and the dusk, every moment now deepening, threw such a shade over the blood-stained countenance, that it was impossible to distinguish the features.

"Lady," said the Moor, "I cannot bear to you a better offering than this".....

Vaga, stooping her head over the bruised stranger, without reflexion, felt....and her emotion was uncontrollable.

The painful sensations excited by humanity, may with truth be called sweet suffering!—A joyous sorrow it was, that affected the heart of our heroine; there was something happy, pleasant, and affectionate, in this pang of pangs.

The sufferer, observing Vaga's sensibility, broke into a passion of tears: and his companion, who followed him close, wept with him.

The Moor felt himself surprisingly affected—and in the exuberance of his feelings exclaimed:—

“ Vaga! I do believe these men are Britons; and if so, assure your countrymen that they have fallen into friendly hands; for, though my visage is black

...the heart is unclouded, when humane feelings, and neighbourly affections, show it fair!—Hereupon giving orders, a bed was on the instant prepared, under a canopy of boughs; and the wounded traveller again got up, and was gently set down on it...his black protector, meanwhile, serving and attending him with refreshments, in a manner that testified the delight which he took in assisting the sick or the sorrowful.

O Moor! thought Vaga, the light of the soul is indeed true brightness! ...for, sable as is your person, there is a sentimental glory in your heart, that illumines every shade about you.

Proper care soon restored the Englishman; whose gratitude to the Moor, though silent, was sincere.

An impenetrable veil, as it were,

hung about this man and his companion. Cautious, — watchful, — they shrunk from every breath; nor would they meet the eye of any; but, seeming to shun the light, always appeared with their garment down over their faces. They talked much; but sedulously avoided conversation with Vaga and her people.—The Moor alone enjoyed their confidence, and with him they communed freely, provided observation was not upon them.

Well-informed travellers, they could discourse a little, even in Arabic; and abounding in political intelligence, pleased, astonished, and sometimes confounded the Mamlouk leader; who, though no stranger to letters, had yet to learn the present state of things in the modern world; and particularly in Europe.

These men, earnest in the pursuit

of research, at the request of the Moor, joined the Mamlouk party, and journeyed with them.

Frequently, in passing over the vast plain, our travellers met numerous flocks, and their pastors, wandering in tribes to procure subsistence. These shepherds of the desert, wild as their native soil, formed a characteristic figure in the landscape. They appeared to live, “the world forgetting, by the world forgot:”—one vast family, supporting, and supported. . . . one grand society, equal and free!—Nature, the rule of their lives; and union, their creed! . . . Their law, the public safety; their wisdom, self-defence: in fine, devoted to social relations; and, in their peculiar exclusion from mankind, ignorantly wise, and simply virtuous.

This rude people, appearing here

and there, amid the desert scenery around, softened the sublime into smiles....illustrative that the rudest nature is susceptible of sentimental beauty — that awful charm, which pleases us to a degree of pain.

As Vaga followed with her eyes the slow pace of these Arab hordes; frequently she thought, that simplicity is, in itself, a perfect science; and what is called the light of knowledge(civilization), utter darkness; that is, as the term is commonly understood and commonly practised..... For instance; to the creature of ignorance, natural right is known..... Here men lived together as friends, not enemies to one another..... Here they blended their interests, making of them an united strength; instead of dividing into deplorable weakness. Here it was the public—not the

individual....In a word, with the savage, it is *justice*, and the *species*; not *man*, but *men*....and, in this system of universal harmony and concord, we find the art of security the way to happiness, even the road to greatness and to glory!....“Say then, my heart, my soul, my mind!” cried Vaga—“Oh! answer,—Is not the ignorance that practises utility—true wisdom?”

Leaving the city of Acre, in their route to Jerusalem, at every step, Vaga, in imagination, retraced the kingdom of David and Solomon.—The Holy Land (as it is called), although despicable in appearance at present, was, to her, a subject of interest and reverential love. It was here the Saviour of the world suffered, for the redemption of the human race: and it was from hence the light of Christianity spread itself; to bless

other nations, and other climes. It was the country favoured by the Divinity. It was the land of miracles, and of divine prophecy:—and the blood of the sacrificed had consecrated it. . . . These reflexions awakening the activity of her mind: “ Oh, Egypt! Oh, Syria!” she exclaimed—“ Oh! states of greatness and of glory, crushed by your own weight—your fall strikes upon my ear; and the terrible crash is the voice of destiny, shouting the catastrophe; as it is written—“ The unbelieving shall be scattered!”

Pausing awhile, she burst into tears now sensible, that man it is who works his own destruction.—Always the being of impulse, the flood of her anguish soon dried up, when she thought that the history of the past would serve as a warning

against the future; that men might become better, and wiser; that each nation might become one general society—the true means by which to effect the perfection of government, and render empire permanent.

The intelligent eyes of the Moor, perpetually fixed on his lovely charge, seemed to read her soul; and, impressed with devout thoughtfulness, like her, each day he directed his thoughts to the past, and sought among the tombs for instruction.

Vaga, much pleased with a certain expression about this man, conversed familiarly with him; and he, flattered by her attention, exerted all the powers of his mind for her amusement.—The fire and vivacity of his manners, formed a charming contrast to the fine sensibility, which shaded,

with penseroso, the enchantments of her youth.

The simple and the grand, are a happy mixture in nature :—and the Moor, of all others, was most descriptive of that delightful combination. His pleasantry was all heart ; his wit, all soul : his ardour, was the warmth of benevolence ; and his darling study, was how to please.

Great things accord with the lofty tone of a great mind :—and the objects in the scenery around, which impressed his taste, declared the high-souled elevation of his nature.

He sought not the bottom of valleys, but the tops of hills !—It was not the lowly plain, but the summit of the mountains, which delighted him !—Each majestic feature in the landscape, was to the Moor a subject of

inspiration; and as he pointed out the vast ridges of rock, stretching into the horizon—rising with the sublime, his discourse not unfrequently reached the highest point of morality and religion.—Then marking the action of the sun, as its varying beams fell amid the tremendous cliffs; the *horrid*, thus beautified, suggested feelings and reflexions on the character of nature, that spoke at once to the soul.

There are pauses, in which the heart speaks....and tears, in which love smiles!....The beautiful invariably affected the Moor; for the great heart is ever ready to overflow....and many times, during these discussions, did Vaga perceive him overpowered by the bursting of his feelings.

With a mixture of surprise and pleasure, she viewed this picture of

the man : and as the tear of sentiment trickled down his cheek, it cast such a lustre over his sable aspect, that, whatever his blackness, she thought he appeared bright.

Vaga staid a week at Jerusalem.—Greek and Arminian priests, (who chiefly subsist on the bounty of the curious), without number, attended in her train, when she went to view the sacred relics in the city. She knelt in the church of the Holy Sepulchre ; and patiently listened to her reverend guides, who, quoting passages in the Old and New Testament, gravely asserted, that the places before her were those recorded in divine history.

But then how could this be ascertained ? Was not Jerusalem repeatedly laid in ruins, and rebuilt ?—No matter, the priests said it, and Vaga would not dispute their infallibility.

After examining these scattered vestiges of ancient story, and exchanging reward for information relating to the antiquities described, our travellers passed onward to Damascus; and, as the country opened, it appeared diversified by hill and dale, and in some parts the hill-sides clothed with ever-greens, olives, and vines, backed by the abrupt summits of mountains.—Behold the wanderers, after the toils of the road, at evening recumbent in the hospitable shade; the rich lights of the setting sun looking out among the heights, and diffusing an orient glow; which, seen in perspective, gave to the sublime an inexpressible appearance of beauty.

It was at this time that the Moor appeared to most advantage; ever

watchful of the ease and comfort of Osmond's friends. Toil was less formidable to him, than any relaxation of duty. He was, at once, providore, guard, and guide. In the cities, or villages, he was the first to enter the khan, or asylum for travellers, and bustle about for their accommodation: and when journeying through an uninhabitable immensity of space, with an anxious eye he surveyed the character of the ground, before he proceeded to take up for the night. When determined, as to the eligibility of situation, he alternately discharged the functions of commander, gentleman, and page. On the ladies, in his gallantry, he attended as a servant; while to his men he looked with the authority of a ruler; and so well beloved was he by

his soldiers, that, in their zeal, they regarded the slightest intimation of his will as a law.

At Vaga's feet he invariably took his seat; and, when looking up in her face, sometimes making allusions to the penitents in the East, who perpetually gaze at the sun; with an eager reverence, would repeat:—

“ And 'tis thus, like them, I petition for grace and favour.” . . . Often, when fatigue threw a gloom over Vaga's spirits, having exhausted his vivacity to cheer her; softening into sentimental seriousness, and resigning himself to its influence, the sigh, lurking at his heart, would burst confinement then, as if occupied by some tender remembrance, he would pause for a while—till his spirit again breaking forth, he would give out all the brilliancy of his understanding; and,

gifted with the cordial faculties nearest the heart, fundamentally discuss the affections, and their influence on man.

The magnetism of true love he defined:—" 'Tis the perfection of nature," said he, " breathing the influence of Heaven ! . . . The *real* lover is a master-work ! Eternal truth is in him ! He can go forth beyond the confines of self ! He can spring from the grossness of the body—into incorruption ! He can die to the beloved—then break into a new birth, to work her good ! He can suffer, smiling—Yes ! and wean himself from the joy of joys, when his endurance can effect the pleasure, or the benefit, of the adored.

One evening, while thus warmly expatiating on love and friendship, Vaga, the while, silently acknow-

ledging the truth of his assertion . . . interrupted by a strain of music, he stopped.

It was the harmony of the voice, floating on the air. . . . After a few plaintive notes, the songster paused.

Vaga looked round with eager curiosity—and, as she listened, the strain was again repeated.

“Who is the musician?” said she, with unusual earnestness.

“Lady,” replied the Moor, “’tis the voice of your countryman:—the younger Briton, who sings to cheer you.”

“Mean you the pilgrims?” said Vaga.

“Have you forgotten that they are men of England?” rejoined the Moor.

Suddenly dropping into deep musing, Vaga fixed her eyes on the

ground—and a sweet warble, much more full than before, filling the interval. . . . With a lively impatience, altogether new to her, she sprang from her seat, and would have followed the sounds; but restrained by the Moor, who caught her hand—irresolute, she stood.

“Whither would you, lady?” said he.

“My feelings bear me away!” she replied.—“But hark!—There is the voice again.” . . . A few low sounds now died into echo.

“See where the minstrel yonder stands,” said the Moor. “Ha! we catch his attention, and now mark him:—he bends his body, and covers his face in his cloak.”—Here the companion coming up, they both precipitately turned down into a glen.

“I cannot avoid understanding

this," said Vaga, again seating herself on the turf: "and yet, if they are English, 'tis something strange thus to repulse a countrywoman!"

The Moor admitted the singularity of the strangers; at the same time that he vouched for them as men altogether superior.

"Who they are, I do not pretend to know," said he. "What they are, I can affirm:—Amiable companions, well-informed philosophers, wise, instructive, gentle, kind: and, of all I have ever known, the men on earth whom most I should desire to be my friends."

After passing Damascus, on the route for Palmyra, the landscape underwent a frightful alteration. Desolation succeeded the Arcadian scenery, now far behind. Groves and pasture no longer regaled the sight; but, in

their stead, appeared a naked waste a plain of sands, where it seemed as if no human foot had trodden before.

Our travellers, resolute to attain their object, undismayed proceeded nor was their perseverance without success.—Real lovers of the curious, the antiquities which they examined, compensated for every exertion.

Here, amid these immense ruins, were to be seen fragments of the Temple of the Sun, still retaining their celebrated polish. Here amazing columns, whose capitals nothing in workmanship can surpass. Here all the ornaments of the Corinthian order: the light fillagree, foliage, garlands, and relief. Here the vast, the grand, the awful: towers, courts, and sepulchres! Here niches, yet displaying the sculptured busts of gods

or heroes! and, on all sides, beauty strewn around! symmetry fallen, pedestals broken, pilasters thrown down, and altars humbled in the dust!—In another space, the front of a great edifice entire, the principal gate standing, a square court, a triumphal arch: and, on all hands, some external proof or sign of a once powerful and polished people having flourished in this (now ruined) capital.

It will be remembered, that Longinus, the prince of critics, and glory of the world, was secretary to Zenobia, widow of Odenathus, and last queen of Palmyra; and, in his wisdom, had materially assisted to increase the glory of her reign. . . . But a revolution was, it should seem, decreed:—A Roman despot carried devastation into the very heart of this venerable state; and, in one day, Palmyra lost her

power,—Zenobia her liberty,—and the secretary, his life.

Vaga and her party wandered long amid these hallowed ruins. Chili, with enthusiasm, took upon herself to explain such fragments as appertained to the deity of the temple; and it was those signs which principally attracted her attention.

She traced the circles, described what the symbols meant, said what the characters contained; and, according to the original worship of her country, bowed down before the sun.

A reverend hermit, who occupied a cave dug by his own hand within the temple, particularly interested the travellers.

He was himself a noble ruin:—his beard reached to his knees; and his deportment maintained itself, in opposition to both time and sorrow.

—He had lived secluded several years; and, being questioned by the Moor:—

“ I am the last of my race,” said he; “ and, wanting friends, all places must be alike solitary to me.”

When offered money:—

“ Keep it,” said he, “ for in the desert I am independent.”

When interrogated concerning the ceremonies of his religion :

“ I observe no forms,” said he.

When asked relative to his faith, he expressed the most perfect liberality.

“ I believe in God alone,” said he. —Your God! and my God!—The God of all!—The God of universal nature!—I believe in the justice of God!—I believe he is every where, and with every sect; and I believe religious controversy is odious in his sight.”

CHAPTER 11.

THE country over which our travellers must now pass, to gain the high road to Aleppo, exhibited, in the wildly picturesque, something approaching to horror; shrouded, as it was, among dusky mountains, and their mists. . . . Not one symptom of cultivation was visible for several leagues. However, in some parts of the deep valley were to be found remnants of structures and statues, that told of ancient grandeur. The way, at length, opening on little cottages, shaded with the olive, or fig-tree, assumed more the appearance of habitable nature: and, when Aleppo,

its celebrated hills and gardens, stood out in the far-distant prospect; the great scene,—as it appeared tinged by the rays of the sun, setting over the town,—formed a combination of beautiful images, not to be described. From hence, they proceeded on their route to Smyrna; and, having arrived there, Constantinople was the next and last object of their journey.

It was evening when this vast city, distinguishable in perspective, was seen to rise in sublime grandeur, displaying its towers, and various fortifications, to the view.—The mellow light, incident to the time, with the last blush of the retiring sun—beautifully picturesque—gave sweet effect to the splendid scene.

As the travellers advanced, a troop of soldiers rode up.—Their chief halted the Mamlouks in the plain;

and the Moor, wheeling his squadron into line, saluted the officer with all military honours. The two commanders then conferred; and, after a while, the Turkish chief, drawing nearer, rode past Vaga.

The air of his figure partook of majesty; his countenance was warlike; and his crested turban, charged with a black plume, bespoke the royal rank. Having taken an insolent survey, he bowed to our heroine; and, galloping onward, was followed by his men.

This was Prince Omar, the heir-apparent, on his way to a beautiful pleasure-house, belonging to the Sultan his father, situated about a mile distant. He was a daring and imperious knight, formed for exploit. He excelled in all martial exercises, and was the idol of the army. It was observed, however, that the Moor did

not altogether like their meeting: he looked disconcerted, and fearfully, at Vaga; became reserved, and thoughtful—started at every sound—nor could he conquer his disposition to melancholy during the remainder of the evening.

Accommodated in the suburbs, our travellers at length rested. The following morning, while at breakfast, two janizaries summoned the Moor to attend upon the prince. He obeyed, not without reluctance; and shortly returning, with wildness in his looks, announced the approach of Omar.

“ Oh, lady!” said he, (casting himself at Vaga’s knees, and covering his face with his hands,) “ you enamour all hearts! and the prince already styles himself your captive!”

The royal Omar now approaching, the Moor retired. Vaga rose at his entrance . . . the prince sprang forward—he kissed her hand—and gazing upon her with wild admiration, hailed her as the most exquisite beauty upon earth.

Omar perfectly understood the continental languages: he made no hesitation in declaring his transports at the sight of so much loveliness; and when he rose to take his leave, beseechingly implored permission to pay his homage on the morrow: but, in the impetuous hurry of his soul, too impatient to wait the appointed time, early in the evening he stood before her; and, lifting up his hands as one possessed, avowed his passion freely.

Chili and Benigma, with the whole

of Vaga's suite, were gone into the city; the Mamlouks were also gone to visit Constantinople; and our heroine, thus left alone, felt much intimidated. With spirited indignation, however, she repulsed the impertinent advance: but Omar, burning for possession, and by opposition wound up almost to madness, eagerly grasping her in his arms, violated, with the rude pressure of his lips, the purity of her bosom.

Vaga suddenly acquired strength, and extricating herself from his violence, threw the prince at a distance.

"Omar!" said she, "have you forgotten that I am a stranger? and, as such, your guest? Or must I remind you, that the refugee is yet protected by her people?"

At this instant the Moor appeared.

"Slave!" said Omar—"away!"

The Moor undauntedly maintained his ground, and answered :

“ I guard this lady ; and know my duty better.”

The prince, furiously running at the Mamlouk leader, drew :—and the latter, unwilling to be tamely murdered, put himself in a posture of defence : the blades of the two swords now clashing—Omar’s guards without, hearing the clang of arms, rushed in.

The savage appearance of these men was enough to dismay the stoutest heart Vaga shrieked, and fainted.

“ Off with that traitor’s head !” cried Omar, as he backed, pressed by his courageous adversary. Whereupon, sabre in hand, the whole band of Turks attacked the Moor With unexampled bravery he contested his life—and laying three dead at his feet

—by his single arm would have put their numbers to flight, had not Omar, treacherously coming behind him, cut him down—and, shouting ferociously, was about to despatch him—when the two pilgrims rushing intrepidly into the thick of the soldiers—the younger caught Omar's uplifted arm; and turning the stroke of death upon himself, was felled to the earth."

The Moorish captain having taken breath, sprang up; and closing on his unworthy assailant, disarmed him.

The floor was strewed with dead; and the few remaining janizaries, seeing their prince overpowered, fled in confusion.

The Mamlouks by this time collected together, and thronged round their leader; and perceiving him wounded—threatening Omar—swore

by his most precious blood they would avenge him.

“ Prince!” said the Moor, “ take back your sword....Then, turning to his men, he added:—

“ See, soldiers! a twofold victory is mine!—First, I conquered my enemy; and next I subdue myself!”

The Mamlouks cheering—with one accord discovered the Bey!

“ Osmond!—Lord and ruler!” they cried, “ your faithful followers can no longer sanction a disguise that has nearly cost your life.—Prince Omar, know our chief! and at your peril atone for the outrage offered to his honour!”

The Bey, quite faint from loss of blood, tottered and fell.....“ O Mamlouks!” cried he, “ look to yourselves! —O prince! spare my brave people!”

Omar muttered something, and withdrew.

Again Osmond raised his languishing head. His men crowded round him! "Stand back!" said he, "and let me look my last upon the Vaga!" —Here seeing the younger pilgrim all bathed in blood, and to every appearance dying, striking his forehead, he exclaimed:—

"O men of England!—Deliverers! —Friends!—O scene of carnage and of death!"

The venerable companion of the youth, meanwhile, mourning over his young friend, at intervals ejaculated:

"Dear, faithful heart!—Oh, Edwy! —Oh, my son!"

Vaga opened her eyes; and starting up—"What do I hear?" cried she. "Was it the voice of my father? Or is it all a dream? A groan

struck on her ear—and pausing dreadfully, she stole a glance around.....

The expiring youth looked up—his glazed eyes fixed on Vaga—he laid his hand on his labouring heart—and the tear of human weakness forcing passage, he covered his face, and wept.

It was past speaking!.....It was past thinking!.....Vaga no sooner caught a glimpse of Edwy and her father, than she swooned away:—and, at the same instant, one of Omar's guards, hitherto lying apparently dead, now raising himself up on the floor, and writhing in agony, looked up in Angelo's face.

The humane veteran, compassionating the dying soldier, stretched forth his hand to his support:—but the janizary, though gasping for life, with a terrible shriek, put it back, exclaiming:—

“ No, no, master!—No pity! no pardon!—Never! oh, never!”

Angelo, shuddering, bent over the dying.

“ Soldier!” said he, “ my mind deceives me, or we have met before.”

The janizary, frothing at the mouth, smote his breast, and muttered something concerning treachery, prisons, and death Then clasping his hands, and falling back—with effort, he pronounced:—

“ Angelo!—Wronged Briton!—look well upon these wounds of mine, weeping blood—for crime!—But you are avenged!—Ou-san-quey bit the dust Ay! humbled even by your own Chili!”

The speaker paused—he stopped for breath Angelo, all-panting, recognised the dying wretch:—

“ Heavens and earth!” said he,

“ what do I see ! ” Upon which, the soldier, in the convulsions of death, lifting up his hands—expired.

At this moment a Turkish officer appeared. — “ Mamlouks ! ” cried he, “ where is your chief ? ” — Then perceiving the wounded Bey, as he lay bleeding and faint bending before him, he cried :—

“ Brave Osmond !—Patron ! and friend !—Behold, in me, a man who owes to you his freedom and his power !—I was your slave, and you gave me liberty ! preferred me to rank and honours ! And by the holy Mahomet I swear !—by gratitude and love !—in your defence I’ll stand—or perish ! ”

Hereupon, giving the alarm, that the army was collecting, headed by the prince, he quickly caught up the Bey, and with powerful strength bore him

on his shoulders, shouting, as he went along—"Follow, Mamlouks! follow me!"

These brave men, eagerly and repeatedly cheering this gallant officer, and animated by the glorious exploit—in like manner, carrying Vaga and Edwy between them—guarded, and escorted safe, their chief to the water-side:—then, taking boat, and hailing a British squadron, cruising off Constantinople; having made known their extremity, were received on board the admiral's ship, and protected.

Poor Edwy, hurried by the motion of removal, drew his last sigh in the affectionate bosom of Angelo, just as the surgeons attended.

To Osmond's rank all due honours were paid—he had every assistance: and the admiral, with all the gallantry

of a British officer, relinquished the state cabin to the lady.

It was some time before Vaga was thoroughly sensible: clasped to the heart of her father, his caresses, in some degree, stifled her anguish; till glancing on the body of Edwy—her grief broke all restraint.—She threw herself by his side—and poured out, on his remains, her sorrow and her love.

“ Oh! murdered youth!—Object of my fond regard!—Heart of my heart!” cried she, “ have we met again, only to part for ever!”—She kissed his forehead; and gently raising his head upon her breast—hung over him;—the sweet semblance of a spirit of heaven, hovering near the blessed departed.

With changing looks, her father watched her motions: but, at length, no longer able to contain—his lips

began to work—and he burst into tears. . . . Loudly and vehemently he lamented the lost Edwy.

“ Little less than angel, and more than man!” he cried.—“ Too faithful friend!—Too tender lover!—For Osmond he died!—For Vaga he would have lived for ever!—And did I lead this lamb to the sacrifice?—Yes! his blood be upon me! . . . Ah! (beating his breast), may the tears of my child wash out the stain! Restrain not, then, my Vaga! the drops of your heart; but let the torrent freely flow, to love and to your father.”

Angelo, this man of sorrow, was the celebrated Irish patriot, Tartane Angelo O'More.—He was censured capitally,—Love of country his crime,—and, on pain of death, driven from his native shores. This trusty patriot sought, in exile, a happier clime. For

a time he bore the Spanish arms ; till a formidable insurrection breaking out in the province of Chili, (South America), against the Spanish yoke, our countryman being ordered with a reinforcement to quell them, was defeated, and marched a prisoner, by the natives, into their capital :—(an independent settlement, in a great degree unknown to the people of Europe).—Here, a well-ordered society lived, subject to a king !—Here, was a general ruler, without one slave !

According to the custom of these tribes, the Spanish captive was led to suffer at the stake—but saved, at the intercession of the princess, he remunerated her for his life—with love.

Chili was of Spanish descent, and the loveliest among the lovely ! She had been betrothed, from infancy, to Ou-san-quey, a great chief, next in

succession to the crown: but Tartane Angelo, who in the sweetness of his youth never failed to delight all eyes, seemed to her ravished sight a being of superior order.

When he discoursed, she thought it was the voice of a god—and when he instructed her in religion and virtue, might she have so humbled herself before a mortal—Chili would have fallen down, and worshipped him.

So much affection overpowered Tartane's heart—he could not resist the offered hand of the princess: when Ou-san-quey, having relinquished his claim, the old king, laying his treasures at the feet of the beloved youth, pleaded for the happiness of his only child: and the marriage being solemnized; within the year, Chili blessed her husband with a daughter.—Tartane was now the happiest of men:—

beauty in his arms—a sweet babe at his heart—and himself an object of adoration to the whole nation; for he softened the most savage amongst them, by gentleness and reasoning—taught them the arts—trained them to glory—and approving a fraternal people, fixed them in the true religion.

About this time, a neighbouring province, intent on rapacity and plunder, offered these natives battle; and the challenge accepted, Ou-san-quey, at the head of the army, took the field.

Tartane was second in command, and the enemy was routed at the first attack. Ou-san-quey returned to the capital, crowned with victory.

Tartane, meanwhile, the victim of this man's jealousy and revenge, in the hottest of the action, was seized, and conveyed, by a party devoted to Ou-

san-quey, down into a subterraneous cavern.—They had orders not to despatch him, it suiting better the malicious and cruel nature of his sanguinary foe, to preserve him, for a life of lingering torment; and, to this effect, his savage keeper prepared for him an endless rack, in reporting that Chili was the confederate of his betrayer.—

For the suffering that ensued, I refer to that scene—when Vaga, to follow the mother, parted from her father.

....Angelo, when in possession of his wife's jewels, hastened to London, where he sold them, and received for his treasure one million sterling. Then, returning to Dublin in the character of Bathmendi, blessed his fair daughter with abundance; and, above all, blessed her, as her Mentor, when he called her to the true enjoyment of

wealth :—exhorting her to supply the poor with means to live—to comfort the broken-hearted—and make happy the sorrowful ;—the true way to obtain salvation, and secure the kingdom of God.

The banished Angelo, utterly cut off from kindred, friends, and country, was in truth a stranger—and the wandering afflicted, in tender alliance, came home to his heart.—Heaven, to bring about the wisest, best ends, lavished its treasures on this man :—and he, confident that he must hereafter account for what was committed to him in trust, gave away to the indigent, in streets—in prisons—in hospitals—and on highways ! His own heart, full of grief—it was a relief to him to assist the heavy laden :—and his tears, evermore overflowing

—it was his delight to wipe away the drops that fell on the cheek of the sorrowful.

Having done much for his dear native land; the banished man next proposed a tour through the world—to visit, in turn, all nations; and to discharge in full his duty to all men, by every good office of humanity and love: but, desirous to keep an eye on his angelic daughter; with a view to his own comfort, as well as her improvement, he determined on a plan of travelling; and directed, as we have seen, the course of her researches.—He was the grand guide and mover of all her concerns:—though not with her; as a protecting spirit, he was always near her.—Loath to live apart from such a child, the fond father, in one disguise or other, contrived to be ever at her elbow, and was the lodger

of whom her Dublin landlady made sagacious mention.—He was also the respectable champion of Edwy, when that noble youth offered to hazard his life in defence of Vaga's honour—and, tenderly affected by his conduct, his soul cleaving to him as to a son, he would have bestowed sweet recompense on his merits, by becoming in reality his father—had not prudence restrained him: for Angelo was wise, as he was good; and, profound in his knowledge of man, he thought it expedient to put the character to some trial, before he should commit (in especial trust) the precious peace of his child to any.—He, accordingly, made it appear to Edwy, that Vaga's delicacy, if not her reputation, must suffer in the estimation of society by the least renewal of their acquaintance: and the youth's behaviour at

the opera, well answered the expectation; attesting, as it did, that her honour was dearer to him than his own happiness. It was also about this time, that he rejected both wealth and patronage, rather than offend his love for Vaga; having declined the honor his uncle intended him, in a marriage with his daughter: but Edwy was not to be swayed by advantage; nothing sordid had power over his mind:—his heart was fixed; and he would not forego the transport of loving freely, and purely, for the treasures of the universe. And when Angelo, at length, disclosed to him his history, he broke forth into cries of joy and thanksgiving:—

“ Angelo! another Job!” cried he; “ for all your sorrows, sweet comfort shall repay you!—Oh! patriot!—Oh! universal friend!—Your probation past

....turn to your own kingdom; and you shall find it again....But, till it pleases God to restore you, the father of Vaga shall not wander alone.—He clung about him, he kissed his hands; and, with all the tenderness of a son, petitioned to be the companion of his exile.

From that day forward, Edwy was the faithful follower of Angelo. His service was love—and he brought the mourner comfort.—In his endearments, he was an angel of ever-giving joyhe dispelled gloom, till melancholy seemed to grow gay;—he told old stories with a new grace;—and was to the father of Vaga, dear even as his own child. But divine dispensation visited the man of sorrow again.... and this last blessing, torn from him, his lamentation was heart-rending, and his grief was deep.

Vaga seeing her father thus overwhelmed, her spirit rose to bring him consolation; and as she called upon his fortitude, assuming patience herself, she soon attained the reality.

“The world is the tomb of life,” said she; “why then lament that a heavenly youth has passed into the bosom of God?—Some may be too good to live; but none can be too good to die.”

“True, my child,” replied the afflicted father—(still dissolved in his anguish).—“Oh! tell me, teach me,” continued he, “to say in my trouble, with the true Christian, ‘Thy will be done;’—for, ‘God chasteneth whom he loveth.’”

As soon as Vaga could disengage her thoughts—apprehensive for her faithful Moor, she tremulously asked, Whether she had to mourn his death?

and learned, with admiring wonder, that it was the Bey himself who had protected her through the desert, and saved her from outrage.

The father and daughter were indeed largely indebted to Osmond: and when the grateful girl knelt in thankfulness to her preserver—all-languishing as he was, he greeted her with smiles; and said he would not forego the bliss of dying for Vaga, though assured his life should otherwise extend to the last day.

For the safety of Chili and Benigma, together with the whole of our heroine's suite, the British Admiral pledged himself. He had taken the proper measures for their security; and the Turks dared not, in open violation of the law of nations, abuse the right of an asylum.

In the morning, Vaga, embracing

her father's knees, hung about him, seeming still to seek his love.

“What would my angel daughter have of me?” said Angelo, tenderly observing her suppliant looks.

She cast herself into his arms; and, bursting into tears:—

“O my father! my father!” cried she, “when Chili comes—

Angelo interrupted her:—

“I shall see her,” said he, firmly, “and I shall hear her.”—Here, recurring to the last words of the dying soldier, he related that this man had been the creature of Ou-san-quey; and was his obdurate keeper, during the period of his long suffering in the dungeon. “On these imperfect sentences, then,” said he, “much may hang and I am willing to be convinced.”

“Glorious! wise! and just!” ex-

claimed Vaga.—She laid her head on her father's bosom, and gazing up in his face with frantic affection—the joy must have burst her heart, had not a flood of tears come to her relief.

Angelo, greatly softened, wept....
“Your mother,” said he, “was once very dear to me; and our resentments are always in proportion to the strength of our affections..... However, my proud spirit at length bends to the blast..... But you will not tell of my weakness!—Oh, no! In your heart, my child, I shall hide it!”

“Yes,” continued he, “when weary, how delightful is it to lay down the burden....and more delightful still, to repose our weakness on Nature's own support—the bosom of a good and tender child!”

Vaga, caressing her father, dried,

with a chaste and filial kiss, the floods of his sorrow ; and while she held him to her heart, seeming to forget every loss, in the acquisition of his affection ; had neither eye, ear, nor sense, for any thing beside. Stricken in years and infirmities as he was ; he appeared, to her partial eye, lovely above the world ; for she contemplated not the man, but his mind ; not the exterior, but the beautiful within.—Again she took him to her heart—again she clasped him to her bosom ; and calling him by ten thousand tender names, said, as long as Heaven spared to her the blessing of such a father, she would endeavour to resign herself to every other calamity.—Then looking fondly on him, she cried,—“ Though we have lost much ; yet, while we remain to each other, we have not lost all. Continue to me your love ; and

I shall greet the goodly treasure with the tender offices of grateful duty and affection. But should you put me away again—should the wanderer, once more, go out into the world alone, without you—think, that in this dreaded wild, your solitary and afflicted child may perhaps lose herself at last.”

Enraptured, the fond father gazed upon his darling daughter.—“What!” said he, “part from my Vaga a second time?—Give up my best, my last, my only comfort, again!—Not for worlds!—No!” he added, “from this hour I shall never leave my child, till it pleases my heavenly Father to take me from her: and, when she lays me in the grave, may Heaven and some kind friend fill my place in her heart!—Yes, my Vaga! we will live to God, and to each other: we will endeavour

to avoid evil, and we will do all the good we can. Our days shall be devoted to our duties—our evenings given to relaxation, and the pleasures of the mind. We will dismiss severity from our thoughts: we will forget that there are bad people in the world, and even cheat ourselves into good-humour with it. We will bring joy to the sorrowful, whether they are deserving or not; for guilt is, in itself, a woful punishment. We will visit and cherish the humble: and, should it prove that your mother did betray me;—in consideration of her innocence of character ere she was corrupted, and of her purity of manners since she has known you, I shall in my heart forgive her. Yes! and for the sake of past times, in my heart, perhaps, wish her happy.—If this be

weakness, it is the weakness of nature; and the strongest must yield at last. . . . Besides, my wife has still one claim upon me: if false herself to my affection, she gave me a child that is true; and if she caused a running stream of tears at my heart, my daughter's tenderness is able to stop the torrent. You will then, my Vaga, bear to this mother an injured husband's forgiveness. You will tell her that honour is sterner than the man; and, as I cannot see her myself, that her child shall. You will provide for her comforts; you will watch over her, and take care of her: and you will report to your father, at that hour when sweet remembrance steals upon him, that she is well; because the name of an object once beloved, sometimes shall be found to seduce us

from our grief, and sweetly lull us into peace."

In the course of the day, Chili, and Benigma, with all the train, arrived on board. Vaga hurried to meet her mother; and conducting her into the state cabin, as they entered, Angelo rushed forward. His pilgrim's habit, still besmeared with blood, contrasted with his pale and grief-worn face, gave to his whole appearance an awful effect.

Chili shrieked.—Angelo motioned with his hand, and frowned.

Chili, now transpierced by a glance of the pilgrim's eye, stood appalled; and, after a dreadful pause, sunk down upon the ground.

Vaga turned her back upon the scene, and wept.

A passion of tears burst from Chili's heart. Gazing on Angelo for about a

minute, the horror in her countenance gave way to a much more affecting expression: she held up both her hands; and raising herself on her knees, whispering, pronounced:

“ Spirit of my husband!—O dreadful shade! . . . How terrible is death, when it scares the fond heart thus away from the form it loves!—Oh Angelo! (her teeth chattering), speak to me, if you can! Let me hear the sound of your voice, even from the depth where your ashes lie—and it will warm me into love—and I shall embrace the air around me, on which your spirit floats—and I shall kiss the sepulchral vapour, in remembrance of you!”—

Angelo, silent, dropt tears; and Chili, clasping her hands, exclaimed:

“ Do heavenly spirits weep?—Yes, whenever they descend into this vale

of tears! Oh, Angelo! too true it is! and the drops you shed, I feel them trickling at my heart....but, be at peace, my husband, and evermore rest undisturbed; for if, as I suspect, Ousaquey was your murderer—Chili, your wife, your faithful Chili, stabbed him to the heart!—and, blood for blood fulfils the law!”

The terrified speaker fainted away; and Angelo, in a transport, threw himself at her side.

“ Oh, Chili!” cried he, “ there is a sweet simplicity and artlessness about you, that touches my soul; and, if faithful, as you assert; if innocent, as when first I took you to my bosom—come to my heart again, and never leave it!”

Chili, breathing once more, and staring wildly, as if delirious, called out:—

“ Nearer ! Oh ! nearer still ! and I’ll wash out, with tears, the blood that stains your habit—blushing, as it does, for murder !”

Vaga, all trembling, caught her mother to her bosom.—“ Chili,” said she, “ have confidence in the Divine Power ; for Angelo, though dead to you some time, still lives, to love and cherish you.”

“ Vaga ! let me hear that sound again !” cried Chili, eagerly.—“ Tell me, once more, that Angelo lives ! and, as the giver of supreme joy, I’ll fall down and worship you !”

“ Yes,” interposed Angelo, (gazing with fond delight upon his daughter), “ the messenger of comfort she is ; and surely a sweeter never came from heaven to sooth man in his agony.—Oh, Vaga !” continued he, “ turn to your mother, and let her know the

wanderer at last.—Say you are the child, rent from her maternal bosom by a cruel father; and tost out, at the mercy of wind and tide, to make your way, or perish!—Oh! how shall I repeat it! (and he flung himself on his knees)—“an infant exile sent into banishment for the crimes of others! —But, the Guardian of innocence went with the hapless babe; and the little wandering child chanced to find her father’s paternal home.”

Chili, rising, looked alternately from Vaga to Angelo—and from Angelo, back again to Vaga. She touched a hand of each, as if she desired substantial proof of a bliss that was unutterable.—Then kneeling down, and kissing the ground at their feet, tried to speak, but could not articulate a word.

Joy is weighty, and nature must not

be over-burdened.—It was a full hour before Chili uttered a single syllable ; and, when she spoke, her congratulations were so low, so soft, and so gentle, that they appeared, like the whispering zephyr, basking supine in the beams of a burning sun.—That she had been vilely traduced, was evident, in the simple statement she gave of herself to Angelo.

“ I mourned your supposed death, and my heart was your urn,” said she. —“ I devoted myself to your memory, and your recollection filled my arms. —I stole from the haunts of men, into solitude, that my spirit might undisturbedly follow you to the tomb.—If any thing could supplant you in my heart, it was grief for your loss :—and if you had a rival to fear, it was the love of you, which survived (as I imagined) even yourself. . . . Thus seclud-

ed from the pleasures of the world, during a voluntary confinement of several years, a day never passed, in which I did not pay some tribute of tenderness to truth, and to your virtues. But, when my dear father, in the course of nature, retired; Ou-san-quey mounted the throne: and now, no check upon him, the passion, half-smothered in his breast, blazed anew:—

“Chili!” cried he; “when I resigned you to my rival, I yielded, not to him, but to the king, your father. I now reign, as he did then; and it is the royal pleasure, that you consent forthwith to be my bride.”

“What!” cried I, “marry the assassin of my husband!—Consent to sleep in the arms of a murderer! and be more cursed than thou art!—No! I

am not this vile apostate to nature and humanity !”

“ My words told thrice at the conscience of the monster. He threatened—I spurned—when, his sanguine passions stimulating the fury in his breast, by force he tried to subdue the woman :—but virtue defeated the barbarian ; for I plunged in his heart a dagger, and he expired at my feet !”

The remainder of the recital went to say, that Ou-san-quey, now no more, she was necessitated to fly her country ; and taking her treasures with her, accompanied by a favourite Irish servant of her husband’s, who had adhered to her from the time of her supposed widowhood ; conducted by this man, she travelled in disguise to Ireland ; and when on her way to visit the beloved father of her regretted

husband, was met, and greeted, by her own child!

It was Angelo's turn, now, to kneel to Chili.—“ Can you forgive my unjust suspicions ?” said he. “ Can you pardon the robber, who rifled from you your treasure? and, but for the interposition of our dear child, would have doomed you, friendless and alone, to beg your bread?”

“ Dearest and best beloved !” cried Chili; “ why petition of me, when you know you command my heart?—Ah! in taking from your wife, was not her property your own? And did you not give me Vaga, in its stead? And is she not a gem of the first water?—But, as the character of forgiveness is tender, and tenderness is the soul of love, let us seal our reunion with a kiss!—and, as little children atone for their innocent transgressions, beg

God's pardon ; and promise, in future, to be very good."

Vaga had now leisure to mourn over the friend of her heart. She watched by his cold remains, and impressed many a chaste kiss upon the unfeeling clay ; and, as soon as it became necessary, she had the body embalmed, and Edwy's heart deposited in an urn of gold.

" The precious dust of my friend," said she, " shall come with me to England,—there to mingle with the great and good. Edwy's remains shall be deposited with all due honours in Westminster Abbey. He was a poet—and his mistress's hand shall strew the myrtle of immortality over his tomb. And might she be permitted to plant love's roses round the shrine, she would freshen their bloom with her tears ; and cultivate their

blushes, as emblems of the delicacy and sweetness of the lamented Edwy. In the exquisitely delicate texture of Vaga's mind, her looks alone bespoke her secret feeling; while her thoughts, hid in the purity of her heart, communing with the passions, the harmony of the mind there calming the violence of affliction, a delicious sweet soon tempered the bitter.—Her tears still flowed; but they fell, grateful to nature, as manna from heaven!

The story of their loves penetrated Osmond. “To Edwy's memory,” said he, “an offering is due. And must the dove-like Vaga be the sacrifice?—Yes! devoted woman! and I shall rear a temple in my heart, to celebrate fidelity; and the wanderer shall be high-priestess of it!”

The British squadron, now under orders for England, sailed; and hap-

pening to put in at Leghorn, landed Vaga, and her suite, on the enchanting shores of Italy.

The Bey, by this time nearly well of his wounds, with deep gratitude took leave of the admiral; and finding in this port several vessels bound for Malta, having got his men on board, bade a last adieu to love and Vaga.—On his arrival at Alexandria, he wrote to his beloved:—

“ Dear Vaga,” said he, “ here I am, sitting in the cool shade where first I saw you. The tear of affection consecrates the spot: but, alas! how changed the scene! Then, near you, I was happy: but now, far away from my joy, how sorrowful is my heart! But this indulgence allowed, I shall pour out my griefs no more.—I shall attend to your instructions, and apply myself to philosophy. Its language

has done much for me already, and may do more; for the love that is solid, is reasonable. How delightful is it to steal from the world, to hold sweet converse!—Yes, my Vaga! while I speak to you, even at this distance, I feel a secret rapture! It seizes my heart—it thrills through every vein—it flies to my head—it pervades my mind! First it agitates, then tranquilizes me.—Oh! wondrous and most beneficent power! all that is beautiful in nature is combined in you!—The love that is pure, refines and exalts us! Love is eloquent, and eloquence persuades to virtue!—Love is sweet innocence, and innocence blesses us!—Love is the Divine Spirit; for love is the joy of heaven, and is positive happiness on earth!—Ay, it was this powerful sentiment that first made me known to myself. Till I knew you, a

torpor seemed to possess me; I dreamed away my days, nor once thought how I lived.—I felt I had a heart, but knew not that a soul possessed me, till you called forth the spirit, and discovered the hidden being to himself.—You visited me in the night of my ignorance; and, like the light of heaven, burst through the envious cloud, and dispersed it!—You smiled upon me, and I adored!—You taught me to love all that was good, and I loved you!—The soil was approved by you; and when weeds sprung up to impoverish it, you rooted them out!—You rewarded, or you chastized, according to my deserts. When you approved, the sound of your voice fell on my listening ear, sweet as the angel strain: and, when you had cause to rebuke me, your speech was a peal of thunder!—Dear Vaga! I owe you

much ; and more than I can ever repay : but, as you have been my Mentor, I shall preserve your lessons in my mind ; and, though absent from you, continue to think and act as if your watchful eye was still upon me. —I shall endeavour to cultivate every thing necessary to happiness ; and my people shall enjoy the full abundance of the blessings I possess. I shall take care of all, both at home and abroad. Poor Cora, that drooping flower, shall lift her head again, and revive in my bosom. Our lives shall be simple : and my children, as they grow up, shall view the smiling landscape, and learn truth from us. I will teach them to be useful to their kind, (for we must not live entirely for ourselves) ; and the practice of benevolence will make them happy.—

Say to your father, that I love him;
and believe me always your friend.

“ OSMOND.”

“ Alexandria, February 6th, 1803.”

Vaga returned the following answer :—

“ Preserve your tranquillity, my friend, and Heaven will bless you.—We are still as you left us: Edwy is not forgotten; neither is Osmond absent from our minds. We speak of you daily, and you sometimes visit me in my dreams. A few nights since, I thought I saw you looking pale, and faint—just as you did when your precious blood flowed for me.—Take care of yourself, for your life is very dear to us all.—I shall now tell you how I have passed my time, since we

parted. Leghorn, you already know, was cherished, and rendered of consequence, by the house of Medicis. Its free port was the work of Cosmo I. I walked, yesterday, on the ramparts, and through the great square. I have been to see the *Duomæ*, or church, from which the design of St. Paul's, &c. were taken. — Likewise to see Micalli's shop, or the grand-duke's own. But, nothing I saw struck me so forcibly as the statue of Ferdinand the First—four slaves chained to the pedestal!!!—I was pleased to find these slaves were of *bronze*! — Oh, Italy! thought I; you that once ruled the world! Are these figures to remind you for what a Cato died—and how a Brutus lived? Ancient Romans! Conquerors! Heroes! Are you at this day so thrown down, that slavery, chained to the heels of despo-

tism, is your representative?—I have been to visit Pisa. This city is called the cradle of the arts : it is about fourteen miles from Leghorn. Buschetto, of Greece, in the eleventh century, designed and produced the cathedral. It was here, in the thirteenth century, that the arts of sculpture and painting were revived. The buildings are, for the most part, fine. The cathedral is remarkable for its richness and beauty : the pillars are of rare marble ; and there are twelve altars, said to have been designed by Buonarrotti.—The Madona, in Mosaic, by Gaddo Gaddi, is a great piece : and, among the pictures, our Saviour on the cross, is deemed a most valuable work. The Botanical Garden is also worthy of attention. From Pisa, we made an excursion to the city of Lucca ; and so on to Florence,—*La*

Bella, as it is deservedly styled.—You have read of this celebrated city, therefore I shall not enlarge upon it, except to say, that, on my entrance, I felt a veneration for every spot around me, when I recalled to mind the distinguished personages educated in this city:—but, as the Italian character demands an acknowledgement from me, I must in justice observe:—These people are generally friendly to foreigners. I have found them hospitable, generous, and warm-hearted; and, what is still more estimable, they understand true delicacy: for, when they confer a favour, they seem to be themselves the persons obliged. Their manners are wonderfully elegant; and the graces are their own. They are fond of learning; and they respect talent. Their country is a nursery of

the arts. They are imitated by all, but are successfully copied by none. As for their faults, or rather those which prejudice and opinion have given them the reputation of, I consider them like specks in the sun,—rendering the succeeding brilliancy still more dazzling.—Such being the information I have been able to collect, I am now on the eve of returning to England. I go on an affecting embassy—to plead the cause of a father, in his banishment. I shall cast myself at the feet of my sovereign: his graciousness will hear me. I shall describe my father as he is; and should our magnanimous monarch recall the exiled patriot—Angelo, himself, shall kneel at the foot of the throne; and his child shall speak his gratitude: but, should this indulgence

be denied, I shall turn my back on Great Britain for ever, and live with my father, a voluntary exile. Osmond, farewell!—Health and happiness be with you!

“ VAGA.”

“ Leghorn, March 12th, 1803.”

CHAPTER 12.

VAGA sailed for England, accompanied by Benigma, and landed at Dover. She proceeded forward to London. Her mission was indeed sacred, and the filial petitioner prevailed. The king was himself a father; and the tears of a tender, imploring child, fell upon his heart.

“Angelo may return,” said he; “and be the virtue of his daughter the pledge of his allegiance.”

Vaga kissed the monarch’s hand, and communicated the joyous tidings to Angelo: and when her father and mother touched on English ground,

she stood on the shore to receive and give them welcome. Their salutation was that of the heart, and affection graced it: they hung about each other's necks;—they smiled through a shower of tears.

Edwy's pure remains were now to be deposited; and, after lying in state for ten days, they were committed to the earth.—A number of mourning coaches attended the funeral. Vaga, and her father, with the widowed mother of the youth, were the principal mourners; and the hearse was preceded by twenty-four lovely boys.

The following month, our heroine and her father mourned together. The house was hung with black; and they saw no company: but the destitute mother of Edwy being taken home by Vaga, her hand wiped away the tears from her eyes.

It was determined by this now happy family, to remain in town till after the birth-day; when Angelo and his lovely daughter, joining in the general joy on this occasion, were presented at court. It was not the mere ceremony of honour, but loyalty and love, that led them thither; and their acknowledgements to an adored king, were as fervent as they were sincere.

In the course of a fortnight, Angelo returned to his native land. He had, in the munificence of his noble spirit, given one hundred thousand pounds to his country, preparatory to his late departure from it: and this sum, vested in the hands of trustees, was, by his order, appropriated to the support of Irish manufacture.

The patriot, on his arrival, was greeted by a vast concourse waiting

on the shore to receive him. The enthusiastic people, taking the horses from his carriage, drew him, in triumph, through the city; and, as he passed along, shouts of joy proclaimed his return.

Angelo, just in all things, had a long account to settle with his brother: and when that traitor to nature, panic-struck, stood before him:—

“Owen,” said he, “the injury done to myself, I can forgive:—but your barbarity to my innocent child, never will I tolerate. I therefore strip you now, as you stripped her then.—This is retribution; and it is morality, sometimes, to punish.

“Father,” said Vaga, stepping forward, “I never knew a severity, that has not been beneficial to me in its effects. Had I tasted only of pro-

sperity, this heart of mine could not say to the sufferer, as it has done:—

“ Here, lay your head on my bosom, and I will comfort you, because I have felt what it is to be afflicted; and I once wished for consolation myself—I do then,” continued she, “ freely pardon, not only my uncle, but all that ever sought to hurt and do me ill.”

Angelo turned round to his brother. “ Wretch!” cried he, “ go to your closet; and, if you have the grace, ponder well on the words you have heard.—From me you have nothing to expect; but to my virtuous daughter you may look for every thing.”

Guilt, however, is prone to despair; and a brace of pistols lulled to rest the accusing conscience of this man. He shot himself that night; and left a

letter for his brother, in which he acknowledged a catalogue of crimes: among which, one, perhaps the most conspicuous, was the murder of the slave who conveyed the infant Vaga to Ireland: but the poor fellow being unfortunately met by the monster Owen—at the paternal gate he imbrued his hands in his blood.

The unhappy family left behind, by this bad man, was handsomely provided for by Angelo: because, though the father was guilty, he knew the children were innocent.

Shortly after this event, one evening, after dinner, Chili was informed that a poor man wanted to see her; and having signified her pleasure, he was accordingly admitted.

It was the Irish servant, whom I had occasion to notice in this memoir before. He went with his master

into banishment; and, when Angelo was lost, with all the remarkable fidelity of a native of Ireland, he adhered to his supposed widow, and was the companion of her flight from South America: and this was the guide, of whom she spoke, when first she conferred with Vaga.

The Irishman, after an absence of twenty years, at length arrived in his own parish. Anxious to make his inquiries, he stepped into a public-house, where gossiping, and toasting his mistress; muddled with *whiskey* when he went to seek her, he took the wrong road. After this, at every turn meeting with one old acquaintance or other, he adjourned with them to the ale-house; where, after fighting all "his battles o'er again,"—being finally overcome with liquor, he finished the night, in a sound sleep

before the fire: but, unaccustomed to intemperance, toward morning a malady seized him, and he opened his eyes in all the delirium of a raging fever.—A sound constitution conquered the disease; but when sufficiently recovered to go about, he could not find the least trace of Chili.

This man had married, in his youth, a young woman-servant to a lady in the neighbourhood; but he bid adieu to the joys of matrimony, to follow his exiled master: and now learning that his wife still occupied the service he left her in, he hastened up to the house, and knocked at the door.

His appearance was not the most prepossessing: his outside coat, which served as a coverlet over him during his illness, full of feathers and straws, looked, like himself, in the last stage of a consumption: and his left arm,

which had been shattered in an engagement, hung in a sling. The servant, of whom he inquired for his poor girl, as he styled her, eyeing him scornfully, called out to the waiting-woman, that there was a beggar below, who wanted her.

Very indignant at the idea of such a visitor, the Abigail came tripping down stairs, to dismiss the intruder: and when the poor fellow, in his transport, offered to embrace her, screaming, she repulsed his kindness.

“Don’t you remember your husband?” cried he.

“Not I, indeed!” said she: “let me see the woman, that ever held out in remembrance of a departed husband for twenty years.—Lord! I thought you were dead!—But, go! go! I don’t know you at all! Sure you don’t think to pass yourself upon me for

my Hoy that was :—a well-built, smart, able young man, with all his limbs whole and good about him?”

“ Indeed,” replied the Benedict, “ grief and the like has altered me a little or so : but then, my poor girl ! though not sound in limb, I am still sound at heart !”

“ I don’t believe a word of it,” said she : “ besides, what business would I have with the like of you, as got never a hand to help either me or yourself ? And then, to come home in such a trim !—and, as I suppose, without a penny in your pocket ?—Oh ! goodness ! goodness ! (wringing her hands), only to think of my ill-stars !—A husband, that I made sure was in his grave, to come upon me, poor, and ragged ; its enough to break any woman’s heart. However, you’re not the man

I married—I disown you—so be after taking yourself off quietly, or else—

“ Woman ! don’t provoke me to strike you ! ”

“ Strike me ! ” re-echoed she, “ how can you do that without a hand ? ”

“ Wife ! do not play off your gibes upon your husband ; he shall not divert you long . ”

“ Then why stand shilly shally ? Show your back :—that’s a dear ! ”

“ Patience ! he will not offend your sight long . ”

“ As to patience , ” replied she, “ its not the first time you have worn out mine : never to send even a letter, nor a remittance, nor nothing, though you were in a country where gold grows the same as grass in our island.—I thought travelling was a fine thing : sure you ought to come home a nabob ;

and, instead of that, the half of you is not here."

The husband now turned away; he could bear no more. However, when, in the course of a few days, his wife learned that he was not quite so badly off as she imagined; like a dutiful spouse, she joined her husband; and finding that he had value in his possession to the amount of five hundred pounds, plaistering over the reception she gave him with a thousand tender assurances, that it was only done to try his love: and getting all her aunts and cousins to vouch for her fidelity, his honest resentment giving way, a perfect reconciliation ensued. They proceeded to the metropolis; and undertaking a business which neither of them understood, being cheated by their servants, poor Hoy's name soon appeared in the list of broken mer-

chants : and at this juncture of his affairs it was, that he presented himself before Chili and his beloved master.

His fidelity found in their munificence a high reward. Angelo purchased for him a good house and furniture, and settled two hundred pounds a year upon him for life, on one condition only—that of never meddling with speculation again; a covenant which Hoy and his wife faithfully observed, having bought sorrowful experience of a nest of sharpers : but this eventually was valuable, for it taught them prudence.

Meanwhile, great doings took place in honour of the patriot; such as city-feasts, fandangos, and even masquerades. His daughter for a while led the fashions; morals came into

vogue, charity-sermons were well attended, and detraction quite out; until, on an evil day, it was understood that Vaga intended to die an *old maid*, which gave the death-blow to her popularity:—The ladies sneered: and the gentlemen, taking huff, made their exit in a rage. However, Vaga, though no longer courted, was still suffered: the good-natured part of society hoped her opinions might yet be reclaimed; and, zealous for her reformation, orators, on the subject of “increase and multiply,” were not wanting. Some, indeed, went so far as to tell her father, that what was usual was right; that every body married; and that when a child is averse to what is proper for her, it is the duty of a parent to use his authority.—

“Affairs of the heart,” said Angelo,

“ are, in my mind, like those of religion ; and the soul is an individual concern. I grant you, that marriage is a divine institution, and, when minds are in unison, a solid joy : but when dispositions are dissimilar, when affection is wanting to ameliorate tempers ; and that sincere friendship, by which we are enabled to bear and forbear, denies its delightful influence, it is then convenience, and not love, which forms the connubial tie. Discontent penetrates the heart ; ill-humour irritates and destroys the mind ; every thing displeases ; and failings are exaggerated into faults. The consequence of these petty vexations, is destructive of domestic peace, and sometimes fatal to the cause of virtue ; for a weak woman will either fall into the deepest melancholy, or fly into the opposite extreme of levity

and dissipation. The man, with strong passions to spur him on, frequently becomes an irascible tyrant; or, what is worse, tired of home, seeks variety abroad, squanders the lawful inheritance of his family on every yielding fair that crosses his path, and exhausts the very means which assure his own existence. Numerous are the evils entailed by libertinism; but they are most to be lamented, when an innocent offspring are impoverished and distressed by the unnecessary expense and extravagance of their parents. To avoid these evils, it is then incumbent on rational minds to exercise reflexion; to consider well, ere they enter into an engagement for life; to endeavour to sound the character and principles of the object with whom they are to pass their future days; and even to look

into themselves; and, should they detect any lurking disposition, hostile to the fulfilment of a sacred obligation, before it is too late, let them recede, rather than perjure themselves at the foot of the altar. Believe me, it is not a romantic error to say, that love is the virtue of the marriage state; because it is the fundamental principle which embraces all those qualities essential to the consecration of the domestic circle. The husband who loves his wife, will practise every social virtue for her sake; and the father who loves his children, must be a good man and a useful citizen. But love is an independent feeling, sometimes not at our own discretion. It is a willing slave; but its chains must be of its own creation. The freedom of choice in marriage is, then, the common prerogative of nature:

and shall parents dispute the privilege with her? Shall fathers, less kind than the beasts of the field, (for even the tiger is tender of its young), drag their children to the sacrifice, and bind them victims to a living death—the death of hope, the death of happiness?—Avarice is a hungry monster! Oh, parents! let not the lamb of your bosom gorge the jaws of the devourer! Leave youth free: or, if it will enter into captivity, let the bondage be voluntary; and then, should groans re-echo, and tears flow, like Pontius Pilate you may say, you are clear. Vaga, at least, shall choose for herself; and, when I am dead, her sighs will never cause my bones to turn in the grave.”

Several months had now passed away since Osmond had written; and the family began to feel both anxious

and uneasy ; when at length our heroine received from the Bey the following :—

“ My VAGA !

“ Cora is dead, and I a wanderer. I was obliged to fly my native land, and have been in England about a week. Omar could not pardon me ; for the injurer never forgives. An order came from the Sublime Porte for my apprehension, and I delivered myself up a prisoner : but the news no sooner spread, than the corps of Mamlouks, rushing out, were joined by the people ; and, in their rage, they immolated to their fury the messengers who had me in custody. Their resentment was terrible : they threatened the pacha, and even the Turkish soldiers in the city.

It was, indeed, an awful day. I was necessitated to ride through the streets, to convince my friends that I was safe: and their greeting melted my heart.—I thought, that if death is, as a German author asserts, “the master-piece of existence,” that I should choose at that moment to die—were Vaga near, for my departing spirit to kiss her cheek.

“Poor Cora, ever tender and alarmed for me, expired of the fright. She was suffocated that night by the bursting of a blood vessel. Aware of Turkish treachery, and Turkish vengeance, and fearful that my people’s blood should flow; having collected my property, taking my children with me, and attended by a few faithful adherents, I repaired to Alexandria, where I embarked. My little ones are well, and in good spirits.

They send their duty, and beg the Vaga's blessing. It was diverting to hear their remarks, when we landed ; and more diverting still, to observe the vulgar staring at my costume, and gazing at me, as if a wild beast had come among them. But I scattered some silver among the crowd ; and I was no longer annoyed. I have been visited by all the foreign ambassadors, together with some officers of state ; but I am at present disposed for solitude, and shall not enter into the gayeties of the place. Books are my companions : they are always instructive, and never obtrusive : I can take them up, and, when I please, lay them by, and find them again. There is but one society I prefer to these friends ; and that is, an intercourse with the woman I love. However, that indulgence I must not

expect; and I am content to trace her image in all the beauties of intellect; for every thing that is excellent resembles her.—Adieu, my Vaga! do not forget your friend

“ OSMOND.”

“ Portman Square;

“ London, October 10th, 1803.”

Vaga returned the following answer:

“ Ah! how wretched is Vaga! Has she lost to her preserver his country? and is he proscribed a traitor, because he was true to honour, and defended woman from outrage? But—you are safe, and why do I complain?—Oh, Osmond! had you suffered a violent death for me, I should not have survived the blow! I must then either have died a wretch, or lived a maniac, forgetful even of you!—But Heaven is

the guardian of all good men; and you are an approved servant. Be patient, and look forward to happier days; for your friends in this country, though few, are faithful. And now I have one boon to ask:—Will Osmond give to Vaga his children? At their age they require tender care; and their father's grateful friend will take them to her bosom, and cherish them as her own. Perhaps you will come and see them in the course of the summer, and give Vaga an opportunity to welcome you, in her country, with the same hospitality you showed to her in yours. My father, and the family, join their best wishes: and believe me, dear Osmond,

“ Your sincere

“ VAGA.”

“ Merrion Square,

“ Dublin, October 16th, 1803.”

Osmond was overpowered by the excellence of this matchless woman; and his children were the heralds of his gratitude. The little boy laid the annexed letter at Vaga's feet:—

“ Let the endearing innocence of my babes express their father's love; for Osmond himself cannot speak it: neither can he find a tongue to tell the worth of his mistress.— And have I your permission to visit you? And will you receive the fugitive?—Yes! you may trust yourself with me, for, should my passion menace you, my love would sound an alarm, and save you from myself.— Why are not all the British fair like you,—attractive in your modesty, irresistible in your delicacy? When I think of your blushes, how they warm my heart! And shall these pure fires

burn in vain?—Oh! my Vaga! shall the plant, transplanted by you, wither prematurely in so fair a garden? Shall the flower you produced, perish so soon, even in your bosom?—But, sooner let me fade away, than live to transgress your commands.—I must not offend against your will. I beseech you, then, to consider the weakness of the sufferer; and in your mercy you will pardon

“ OSMOND.”

“ Portman Square,

“ London, October 29th, 1803.”

Vaga returned the following answer:—

“ DEAR OSMOND!

“ I was in hopes you had forgotten to play the fool; but I cannot blame

you for what I do myself; for I have just been engaged at blindman's buff with your dear children. We blinded the boy, and the little urchin took me prisoner. We wished you were with us; and, if you had been, I am half inclined to think I should have taken revenge, and made you my captive.—To be serious.—Dear Osmond! the latter part of your letter pained me; and I would laugh you out of your melancholy, if I could. You know my mind, and ought to feel the motive that governs my heart: do not then torture me, by picturing a distress that it is not in my power to remedy: but tell me you will endeavour to be happy, and the assurance will make me so too.—My friend, you have been accustomed to domestic comfort, and sigh for a companion. The daughters of England are amiable; and you may

choose a partner that will contribute much to the felicity of your life. Oh! affection can convert wo into a pleasing and grateful sensibility! It can make us forget our griefs; and teach us to feel only the kind attentions that so sweetly charm away care, and sooth us in our anguish. In the bosom of a wife, peace will bloom for you; and your dejected heart will be revived by its sweetness. Yes! her tenderness shall extract the arrow rankling in your breast: and, as we tell the child that is hurt, a kiss shall make it well; so her truth and innocence will bring content, and heal up every wound. May woman sweetly smile on Osmond! and may his bosom open to receive the joy of nature for its inmate!

“ VAGA.”

“ Dublin, Merrion Square,

“ Nov. 20th, 1803.”

Osmond sent the following reply :—

“ VAGA !

“ The temple of the heart acknowledges but one idol ; and the worship of love, is nature !

“ The passion, refined by virtue, acts and reacts upon us : for an attachment that is pure, is capable of regulating the wildest desires. Oh ! could the unthinking conceive the self-creating bliss of honourable love ! could they imagine this affecting sentiment, so pleasing even in its pains, they would no longer mistake reality for imagination, and perfect happiness for misery : they would no longer affect to pity an object of envy, and style a solitary lover unhappy : but, awakening to a proper sense of what he is, acknowledge his felicity, and leave him free from troublesome

condolence, to enjoy in himself the luxury of the heart.—My Vaga! had I never known you, I might live and die in the most profound ignorance, wanting the knowledge of myself. Apropos! Are you deeply read in magic? for you have metamorphosed me: my habits are not what they were, neither are my opinions. The sprightly humour, that once pleased, now offends my sense of delicacy. I am shocked by the freedom of speech that passes for wit: and when a bold-faced woman looks unblushingly in my face,—shall I confess it? I feel ashamed. The heart, once so warm, is now as cold as that of an anchorite. Woman delights me still; but the sex disgust me! Pray, is it the custom in this country for the ladies to woo the men?—In Egypt, we lords of the creation court the fair; and there solicit

favours, which I find are here a proffered grace.—Do not accuse me of severity; but, as you are my Mentor, I wish only to be informed: and if such is the common practice established in this nation of beauty, I shall learn in time to respect it. Yet, novice as I am in affairs of this kind, I am afraid I behaved very ungraciously of late, when a much admired widow proposed to me to marry her. “Take me for your wife,” said she, “and my fortune shall enrich you.”—“On the contrary,” said I, “wanting modesty, you would make me poor.”—There is another enigma, which puzzles me, and perhaps you can solve it. I always understood that polygamy is death by the laws of England: and yet several married men of my acquaintance tell me they have half a dozen wives!—

How is this, my Vaga?—Or is it, that they mock my simplicity, and would impose upon it? To be candid, I do not relish the manners of high-life here: the people appear to me altogether artificial—every thing so forced, so studied—nothing of nature, nothing original—all aping one mode or fashion.—Oh! such a sphere is chilling to a warm fancy!—Yes, it is all Siberian scenery: not one genuine trait, not one cordial feeling, to enliven the cold and sterile landscape. Or, let us reverse the term, and call it an hot-bed, where art produces false sentiment, deceitful pleasures, lightness, frivolity, rankness, and even insipidity.—But I am weary of the ungracious subject, and shall indulge in the luxury of *home*. The Muses cheer my passion for solitude; and are they not enchant-

ing?—I am a devoted admirer; and the lover's heart is responsive to the poet's song. My progress in the English language will soon, I trust, enable me to read the beauties of its authors in the original:—a prospect that not a little stimulates my industry. By the by, a few days ago a whim seized my mind, to have your picture; and an artist attended me.—‘You will please sir,’ said I, ‘to let me have a likeness of the most beautiful woman in nature;’ and he accordingly produced me a Venus: but that would not do—I wanted the witching air—the blushing smile—the heaven-born expression! I wanted the look that struggles with loveliness for pre-eminence, and bears away the prize from beauty!—I wanted the mouth:—but, correcting myself, ‘No,’ said I, ‘do not attempt the mouth, unless you

can infuse a soul into the canvass, and charm the Cupid in Vaga's heart, to play between the parted lip.'—Farewell, my kind, my dear, my best friend.

“ I remain your faithful

“ OSMOND.”

“ London, Portman Square,

“ December 11th, 1803.”

Letter from VAGA to OSMOND.

“ It is so long since the golden age, that the Arcadia of innocence is not even understood: and should any presume to revive it, they run the risk of being hooted out of society; and are either considered mad, or worse.—Enclosed I send you my picture: perhaps it may please you

better than the Venus.—I should have written sooner, but that your questions required some consideration. At the same instant, I am unwilling that you should suffer yourself to be prejudiced against the many, by the errors of a few. The general character of the fair, in these countries, is chastity and modesty. Faithful husbands there are also both in England and Ireland. I do not like reviving the painful; but cannot resist acquainting you, that it was my dear father, and Edwy, who, in the characters of pilgrims, attended on me and my mother, in our illness, at Alexandria, and, under God, restored us to health. They had sailed with us from Toulon, in disguise: and my young friend was, indeed, the minstrel, whose sweet voice, many times, during the voyage, drowned the monotonous beat-

ing of the waves, seeming to charm the rough element,—and with melody lull the boisterous ocean into a soft and gentle calm. The sentiment, in this adherence to me, excites in my breast a sensation of delight paramount to every other, however exquisite.—Yes, thy debt, sweet gratitude, is a loan of joy: and when the honest heart repays, with interest, a kindness—Oh! they who can describe, never *felt*, this luxury! Your dear children are in high spirits. My father declares he adores them for your sake, and as I love them—it matters not why, or wherefore. Have you forgotten your favourite Mamlouk, my beautiful steed? Well, if you have, I have not. Do you know, that he eats bread out of my hand, and follows me about, like an affectionate dog?—

But you will come and see him in the summer. You will come and see us all. Adieu.

“ VAGA.”

“ Merrion Square,

“ Dublin, February 4th, 1804.”

P. S. “ Do you remember the *wise men*, whose magic art took such effect on my simplicity?—I smile at my childish humour, now aware, that my father and Edwy assumed that awful disguise, to release me from your toils.”

Letter from OSMOND to VAGA, in answer to the foregoing.

“ Thanks! thanks!—Oh, my loved Vaga! your picture is before me; and I think I shall never tire with gazing

on it.—In the words of your own Shakspeare :—

—————“ Here, in her hair,
The painter plays the spider —
And has wove a golden mesh, to entrap
The hearts of men. But, her eyes,
How could he see to do them?
Having made one, methinks it would have power
To steal both his, and leave itself unfinished.”

I am blessed, even to demonstration! for Heaven is with Vaga, and her image is in my bosom. The gulf between us is not impassable, as I find in your condescending notice.—What though our persons are separated, our minds meet in sweet union :—and are we not then together?—Yes, you are mentally mine, and I am yours: we live intellectually possessing, and possessed.—When alone, I am in a new world; and Vaga is this fair globe to me: her smiles fill my heart, and her

love contains all of worth in the universe.—I speak to none but you—I hear no voice but yours. In recollection—I see no sun, but Vaga.—In a word, I am insensible to every other; and should my spirits droop, let me but catch the sound of her name—and I am revived.—Not long since, at an assembly, where it was made a point with me that I should go; having, in politeness, seemed to join awhile in the festivity; at length, fatigue stealing upon me, I withdrew into an antechamber, and reclining on a sofa, felt inclined for rest; when two ladies entering, their tongues, like the jarring of discordant instruments, set my teeth on edge: but I held my peace; and they talked on, till at last the conversation turning on you, I lent an attentive ear.

“ This Vaga is my aversion,” said

one.—“ And mine,” said the other. “ The women hate her, and the gentlemen are shy of her. She thinks she has a *little* sense—and is a *great* fool.—Her travels through the world are too ridiculous. They say she was first a galley-slave, and ‘ tugged at the oar ;’ that she was afterwards transferred into what they call a harem ; that she robbed the grand Turk, and killed, with her own hand, a whole regiment of soldiers ; that she came home in three ships ; and that she is the greatest story-teller that ever went abroad, for invention !”

“ Vaga ! the blood mounted to my cheek — I seized the defamer, and would have hurled her through the window—but, happening to glance at her petticoat, I begged the lady’s pardon—and left her where I found her. —Perdition seize on all vile tongues !

whose delight it is, to proclaim the faults, and repeat the weaknesses, of human nature !

“ Why may I not skreen you from the pestiferous blast of scandal ?—Oh ! that I might retire with you to some lonely spot ; there to dwell, far from slander. We should then lie down in peace—praise God at night, and bless him in the morning.—The idea affects me ; and the lover, now softened, bathes the paper with his tears

“ OSMOND.”

“ Portman Square,

“ London, February 12th, 1804.”

Letter from VAGA to OSMOND.

“ BELOVED OSMOND !

“ Continue your letters, as they are to me delightful : and should you

again meet persons afflicted with the spleen, pity them, as I do; for it is a disease that is incurable. I never intentionally gave offence to mortal; and if I cannot please—that is my misfortune, not my fault. Besides, general admiration would make me unworthy in my own eyes, because I do not value it; and, consequently, should be then ungrateful.—However, to recur to your rencontre with the lady:—had you put her through the window, you could not, in gallantry, do less than jump after her: therefore, all things considered, it is as well that you came to your senses in time to save her and yourself.—Shall I deal ingenuously? Your last letter is the most flattering I ever received. It is grateful to self-love to find the friend we esteem, superior to the whispers of malice, and possessing a fixed prin-

ciple, not to be shaken by every breath. Your confidence in me, my dear Osmond! I hope I shall never abuse.—Yes, you are the person exactly with whom I should wish to pass my life; and, might I choose, a man with your sentiment should be the chosen of my heart. With such a friend, I might defy malice, and all her attendants. I should have no distrust of Osmond, nor Osmond any jealous fears of me; because a lover so reasonable could not fail to make a wise and worthy husband.

“ I am half disposed to erase what I have written: and yet, why conceal my sensibility of worth? Why blush to avow, that the loveliness of virtue enchants me? Why, according to dull rules, deny to Osmond the tribute, which even the most indifferent would grant to his benevolence? No! in

my gratitude, let the woman find her freedom—and while she talks of love, return thanks to her preserver.—The hero who fights for his country, is enthroned in her heart:—and, as Osmond bled for me; like a grateful nation, I'll bind the brows of my champion with laurel. Let friendship, ever dear, possess me. Your yoke is independence—and you tread on rose-leaves. Your joy is sweet sympathy; and sympathy is serious, soothing, and social.

“ VAGA.”

“ Merrion Square,

“ Dublin, February 28th, 1804.”

Letter from the Same, to the Same.

“ OSMOND,

“ Your silence pains me.
Are you ill? or are you forgetful?—

Answer : for, of all sensations that afflict the human heart, suspense is the most intolerable to me.

“ VAGA.”

“ Merrion Square,
“ Dublin, April 6th, 1804.”

Letter from OSMOND to VAGA.

“ Oh ! my Vaga ! You said, and said truly, that we must not hope to find our elysium here. The sweet avowal of your affection was too much of happiness for my weak senses to bear. The idea of being beloved by you, threw me into the wildest transports of pre-eminent delight ; and my feeble frame could not support the exertions of such an ecstasy. My happiness then became delirium : the blood burned in my veins, while life

began to grow cold in my heart. The icy fingers of disease froze up my faculties: I forgot I loved—I forgot I lived—and my soul died away into a partial oblivion. But your carriage quires broke the fatal spell; and heroine, a faithful follower, with all the master's heart, and glad to spend the last moments with some proof of your affection, putting your last letter in my hand, directed my decaying sight to the name on the seal, and I discerned Vaga—even through the film of death.—Oh! it was a blessed resurrection! But, alas! I chill again; and yet it is the electric-fire that destroys me.—The weight at my heart is oppressive, and the lightness in my head hardly to be borne. I am supported by pillows, while I write; and am so much exhausted, I long to lay me down.—Oh, Vaga! the damps of death

are like another deluge—for I am drowned in my own tears. However, it is not the lover now, but the dying man, that weeps. Adieu, sweet maid! his heaven!—You drop a tear on the fate

“Alas! may the sun, in your
 A ray of light through the shower, and
 irradiate soft regret at your heart
 with beaming joy!—Again I sigh
 farewell! Again, with my parting
 breath, I pray Heaven to bless the
 Vaga!—Ah! I cannot leave you yet:
 one word more of love, before we part.
 Beautiful Vaga! grieve not for me, but
 rejoice in Hope—for the immortal
 maid visits the bed of death, and
 whispers your expiring friend, that we
 shall meet again and be happy.

“OSMOND.”

“Portman Square,

“London, April 20th, 1804.”

On the receipt of this letter, Vaga and her father set out for London; there to demonstrate, by every mark of respect and affection, their gratitude to the Bey: and when the carriage drew up before the house, our heroine, springing on the ground, darted through the hall; exclaiming, as she went: Osmond! Osmond!

A physician now meeting Vaga: “Madam,” said he, “the patient still languishes; but his death is every moment expected; and as the disorder is contagious, you will not surely venture your life to see him?”

“A thousand, if I had them!” said Vaga, rushing past him, and pursuing a nurse into the chamber where Osmond lay.

His eyes were fixed—his breathing oppressed—and he seemed to be in a senseless stupor.

Vaga hung over him, and his lips moved.

“ Osmond !” cried she, “ don’t you know your faithful friend ?”—He closed his heavy eye-lids.

“ Alas !” said she, putting her hand to his heart, all is dead here.—Yet the little flutterer palpitates still—though he pants not for me. Then, touching his burning forehead, she started—and drawing a simile between herself and the fly, playing about the flame till it consumes itself, gently taking him in her arms, she supported the dying Osmond on her bosom.—Her father sent to entreat she might leave the room.

“ Never,” said she, “ will Vaga leave her friend, till she sees him either restored to life, or with her own hand closes his eyes in death !—Osmond would do this for me : and shall I, a woman, be less feeling, or less hu-

mane?—Go,” continued she (bursting into tears), “and tell my father, that my life hangs on Osmond’s existence—and that death only shall separate me from the Mamlouk.”

Two days now passed away, and Osmond yet breathed.

“Madam,” said the doctors, “nature, in this case, is making a wonderful struggle: we perceive a change in the patient, and it is for the better. Yesterday, he had scarcely a pulse; but, to-day, life beats in his veins.”

†s Vaga dropt upon her knees; and, in an ecstasy of thanksgiving, cried aloud:—

“Restore the Bey!—Give me but Osmond!—Let him live to love and me! and Vaga shall relinquish every other possession, and lay her fortune at your feet!”

The humane enthusiast was now

told, that the life she so ardently wished to preserve, depended on the operation of an opiate.

“ It will either hush him to sleep for ever,” said the doctors, “ or awake him into present existence.”—Vaga administered the medicine.

See her now watching its effects.—She holds her breath, fearful of disturbing Osmond. She suppresses her tears, lest the falling drops should awake him. Her eyes alternately rest on him, and on the hour-glass before her. Her hand scatters rose-leaves at his feet: and she binds his night-cap on with a wreath of poppies!—A prayer-book is open in her hand; and the ejaculation is in her heart.—The tedious night gone by, morning begins to break; and Phœbus shining through the cloud, peeping in at the windows,

his shadows brightly flit about the bed. The genial influence of the sun (as it should seem) warmed Osmond into life: the glow of animation mantled on his cheek: a smile, sweet as that of infancy when imbibing the milk of nature, severed the lips:—he opened his eyes; and finding himself in the bosom of Vaga, gently whispered:—

“Is Osmond one of the happy in heaven? or is he a favoured creature upon earth?—Speak, my best love! as I marvel much, and would know the blessed place in which I am in bliss with you.”

A few days saw the Bey out of danger. He was still languid, still lingering; but his mind recovered its tone. Vaga, yet in attendance on her lover, never left him. She prepared all his drinks; and Osmond insisted

that she sweetened, with her affection, each nauseous draught prescribed for him.

“ It is now,” said Angelo, “ several days since my daughter took up her abode in the chamber of the Bey ; and methinks it is high time that she should repair to one of her own.”

“ I cannot leave Osmond yet,” said Vaga.

“ It is indecorous any longer to remain,” said the father. “ My dear child ! I would not hurt your feelings : but the world is a common defamer—a hungry monster ;—and the prey it loves, is such as you !—Daughter, the reputation of woman is so delicate, that a flaw once made in it, is never to be repaired. You will, then, either be separated by my commands from the Bey ; or, in the character of a wife,

empower yourself to remain in holy union with him."

"It would be cruel," cried Vaga, "to forsake him so soon."

"It would be more barbarous still," said Angelo, "to murder your own reputation."

"And have any presumed to accuse me?" inquired Vaga, tremulously.

"Yes," replied her father, "your love for Osmond is the common topic: and your fair name, a subject for every defamer! — Notoriety, sometimes, clings to greatness: you will be exhibited in every print-shop in full length caricature, behind the curtain with the Mamlouk; and your chaste loves held up to ridicule and contempt.

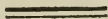
Our heroine trembled; and Angelo continued:—

“ Yet, my timid child, be not dismayed, for there is a remedy in my hand, that shall silence these buzzing insects. It is a marriage license ; and a clergyman waits without.”

“ Then bid him come in,” cried Vaga, hiding her blushes in the bosom of her lover.

This was exactly what the fond father aimed at. He knelt beside the happy pair ; and, while the divine read the ceremony, blessed them over and over a thousand times.

CONCLUSION.



I SHALL not pretend to describe the pure transports of honourable love; but rather solemnize it in the awfulness of silence, knowing that delicacy is the language of extreme joy. Neither shall I attempt to offer the least palliation for an act sanctioned by nature, and approved by reason.

That Vaga fully intended to devote herself to the memory of her first amiable lover, has been evinced: for, with a constancy worthy of herself, she many times resisted the importunate pleadings of her own heart, in

favour of a rational and well-deserved attachment. From the firm tone of her sentiments and principles, in all probability she would have persevered in her resolution, had not a combination of circumstances conspired to render her marriage with the Mam-louk indispensably necessary to her reputation. Her union with Osmond may, therefore, be ascribed to the noblest refinement of female delicacy; as she freely granted that to society, which she had long denied to love: and at length waved every cherished feeling of a mind highly wrought, rather than be wanting in respect to the forms of the world.

The writer who is deficient in the duty he owes to society, offends against himself. Whatever may be our private sentiments, we should, at least, hold sacred the public cause;

and, instead of disseminating our own opinions, endeavour to follow the track of our more enlightened predecessors. Like them, culling the beauties in our way, we should tread down defects, raise truth from the ashes of philosophers now no more; and revive pictures of Innocence, smiling in the bosom of Humanity—Peace, in the arms of Benevolence—and Love, on the lips of beautiful Sincerity!—

It has been my object, in these pages, to draw the female character “as you like it.” I have in consequence, represented the heroine wisely virtuous, unfeignedly true, and inflexibly firm.—Not being able to satisfy myself in the delineation, I must not expect a meed from others. However, one feeling in my heart may yet be gratified; for, should the intention that means well, obtain even one suf-

frage in the world, I shall with fervour acknowledge the approbation dear to me.

I would not impose upon myself that I am insensible to fame: but fame has its several degrees; and that to which I aspire, is a substantial good; not a mere gale that passes away in a single breath, and is then forgotten—and by no means the praise that may be purchased.

It may be advanced against me, that I have made the heroine of a novel a female scribe; which, as a character rather undervalued in society, may counteract those very effects I wish to produce: it is therefore incumbent on me to ward off the sentence, if possible, with a defence.

Learning, is a clear light—the shades of ignorance retire before it;

and literary pursuit embraces this illumination.—Learning, is the road to science; and to the useful discoveries of the latter, mankind is deeply indebted.—An acquaintance with elegant literature adorns the mind; and, by exercising the understanding, frequently calls forth powers, that confer an eminent distinction. The commerce of the mind enlarges our ideas, and increases our information. This is friendly to our moral enjoyments, because it produces a habit of thinking; and meditation has often given birth to noble feelings, great and useful enterprises.—The Chinese style paper, ink, and pencil, the three precious things. It has also been said, that painting the mind to the eye, is the first of arts; and that the press is the guardian both of morals and the state.—It is not, then, the

author, but the writing. It is not the individual, but the sentiments he disseminates, which are of importance to the public. I would thus reconcile the world, if I could, to whatever relates to manners, or improvement; whether proceeding from lordly man, or humbler woman. The present is the age of writing, as well as of revolution: and, as I woo the Muses, if I rear a fair flower in this garden, and celebrate my heroine in a dissertation of her own; as the indulgence is a harmless one, I deem myself entitled to the common privilege.—Neither can it be advanced by any, that an enlightened female character is out of nature; as it is well known, that the genius of woman has shone out from time immemorial. As Aspasia flourished in Greece; so ancient Ireland can boast of Brigid, and other females

equally celebrated for extraordinary wisdom: and our own annals supply us with the names of several ladies, no less distinguished in the walks of literature.

Having travelled with my *wanderer*, a long, and perhaps a tedious journey; and as she has at length arrived at the happy goal, I shall close these volumes with a slight sketch of the inferior characters which form a part of this moral picture: and as the happiness of the good is increased by their seeing that of those around them, this will eminently appear to have been the situation of Vaga, her father, and her friends, after their return to Ireland.

Objects not a few, it seems, were reserved to exalt the felicity of these amiable individuals. The first of these was the Chevalier, whom they left in St. Patrick's Hospital, when they paid

their visit to several public institutions; a short time before their departure from Ireland to proceed on their travels. The serenity of his soul was not only restored, but some clouds that lowered over his circumstances were effectually dissipated. His mind, which was mighty, had not been unhinged by any trivial events or customary vicissitudes: private infidelity, and public ingratitude, had infixed in his heart their rankling fangs; and, for a while, his fortitude gave way to a pressure much greater than itself. He was a royalist and a soldier; but his exertions for the services he had afforded more than one crowned head in Europe, had long been misrepresented and unrewarded. Trained to arms from his infancy, the civil wars in Brabant afforded him the first opportunity of signaling him-

self to advantage, during a very short time he commanded there. His heart, in the interval of his ascent towards the laudable heights of ambition, glowing with humanity, afforded him satisfaction for saving the lives of thousands; whom others, in that giddy pursuit of fame, would have destroyed. In addition to testimonies in writing, he received, from the states of Brabant, a gold snuff-box, containing a hundred Louis d'ors, with a patent for a pension of 4000 florins; which, however, the emperor refused to ratify!

When General Schoenfield left the army, together with the command of Brussels, not only abruptly, but secretly, in the night, the Chevalier was called into the town by the inhabitants. *This*, he said, *was their brevet of confidence*—of which he was not a little proud. The government

and care of the treasury then devolved on him, at a time when some officers of another nation finished their career in that country by the most shameful acts of depredation and pillage. The Chevalier then felt himself called upon to exert his authority: he arrested one of the highest rank.

His object being to save the Austrian treasury, he found in the same two waggon loads of crowns; and a case of gold coin; which, to secure the better, he put under a guard of dragoons, and went with a trumpet to hasten the Austrians, whom he met at Waterloo. Here these treasures were given up to the Imperial army, under General Bender, by the Chevalier in person.

Many of the Chevalier's enemies made no scruple of intimating, that, according to the revolutionary mode

of proceeding, under similar circumstances, they would have gone off with all; but in the Chevalier the soul of honour always presided under the most difficult and trying circumstances.

Finishing his career in the war of Brabant, about the end of 1790, in consequence of a former acquaintance with Monsieur de la Fayette, he went to Paris.

In America, before the revolution, he considered La Fayette as a young nobleman loving liberty, and a friend both to his king and his country; though he never approved of some parts of his conduct. After the French revolution, he had, on many occasions, repressed the ardent impetuosity of the people: and the moment La Fayette was driven from the head of the national guards, the king had no longer any protection; nor

had order, or property, any point round which they could rally.

However, from the experience which the Chevalier had in Brabant, relative to revolutions, he soon perceived that of France was taking a most fatal direction; and that the loss of the royal authority, the want of system, and the rapid strides of the Jacobins, must end in a civil war.

Yet, flattered by the attentions of La Fayette and General Deportaille, then war minister, the Chevalier proposed raising a corps of light troops, which was instantly adopted, and his commission was signed by the king in June 1791.

The flight of the royal family convincing the Chevalier that the French army was not the army of *the king*, he instantly determined not to serve in it; but, in consideration of his inti-

macy with a great personage, he was intrusted with a secret mission, with which he quitted France for Coblentz, and never returned, except with the army of the princes, in the campaign of 1792, in Champaigne.

Prior to his quitting Paris, the Chevalier, it seems, formed a connexion with a young lady, who, exclusive of a liberal and polite education, attached to the most exquisite beauty of person, was the heiress of 100,000*l.*, at the death of her father. In these, the first joys of his heart, the soul of the Chevalier, susceptible of every charm in nature, was whirled, as it were, into a delirium of joy.

How like a summer bloom is the season of youth ! In the joy-delighted hour, the sun-beam, and the pensive dew-drop, both commingle, and the refraction of the light on the vapour

seems like another glory! Yes, sweet floweret, thou child of joy! Your character is true beauty; and your effect on the susceptibilities of nature,—enchantment! Look into yourself! What harmony in the style of composition, where every peculiarity is a grace, and each shade, as it were, unconsciously a perfection! All heart—the magic string, to sounds of rapture struck—you smile a thousand loves, and the bliss is in your own bosom. The level of your delights is nothing vulgar; you soar above dull reality into an ideal region. Yet the fairy picture, faithfully penciled by truth, is no fictitious figure; neither are those pleasures which enter into your imagination mere visions of happiness,—but titulary powers of the mind, that come, like flying meteors, to brighten the dark cloud collected over

human life. The native constitution of youth is the perfection of human happiness: by which is to be understood, nature bland, but nature ~~shudda~~ vivid conception of pleasure, whether ordinary or refined. A total unacquaintance with the deep and tragic passions; but the genuine feelings of the mind, exercised by a power made up of instinct, undistracted by reflexion; and, in this exemption from care, intimate only with the lighter mental movements: and, thus strung, at once disposed to enjoy and to forget. Youth is the original character of mankind: all alive to social recreation, youth seeks an intercourse with society as a friend, on whose bosom to throw himself; he cultivates an acquaintance with life and manners, not as food for the head, but to bring nourishment to the heart. He regards

and delights in his fellow-man, because he believes the social affections are reciprocal. His observation on human nature is as a *mirror*, which reflects only his own form and features. It is the light derived from him, which has thrown so high a finish over the picture: for the acquisition of situation shall be found to soften the harsher lines of character, and refine the whole mass, so as to produce in the colouring a play of feature, which is to the human face what delicacy of hand is to painting. All nature, however common the subjects, immediately coming under the fervid rays of a brilliant fancy, the most ordinary of these wear a borrowed lustre. O happy youth! even your sighs are warm as your wishes! Young sensibility, wooed by the voluptuous freshness of nature; the pas-

sions in you vibrate so sweetly, that you seem to contain in yourself a charm for every wo! Indeed, it is true, youth is the creative power of its own joy! Your blushes are the fires which warm you in your transport! Your smiles, the fairy enchanters of the scene! But your bloom is no sooner unfolded, than your little life is gone! Ah! why, like the delicate rose, fades your blushes so soon? Why, sweetest nursling of nature, vanish as the soft dew when the morning breaks? O! ye youthful, bethink you how fleeting is the day of your life-time, and improve the passing hours to the utmost. The pleasures that burn bright, no tears should fall to dim or darken. Let the fairy veil, woven by your magic hand, as long as possible hide from your view the deformity of human characters. Yes,

youth indeed is the spring-tide of life,
and its day one of the most delicious
of the whole season :

Sweet day ! so clear, so calm, so bright,
The garnisher of earth and sky !
Soft dews shall weep thy fall this night,
For thou must die.

Sweet Spring ! full of such days and pleasures,
In youthful fancy's ardent eye,
Thy balmy airs, and melting measures,
Alike must die.

Sweet rose ! whose leaves such hues discover,
As quick vermilion come not nigh ;
Thy root ev'n now its grave doth cover,
Where thou may'st die.

Then since each good that time supposes,
From changeful seasons feel decay,
From Virtue cull perennial posies.
Live while you may.

But, alas ! this new connexion of
the Chevalier terminated in a mar-

riage, which laid the foundation of a complication of unmerited miseries and mischief, and left a sting in his heart, that time itself could with difficulty obtund or eradicate.

Furnished with an equipage and a household establishment equal to the rank and fortune of the Chevalier, his military pursuits, and the object of his commission to Germany, obliged him very shortly to leave his lady at Paris, in the care of her family : when, alas ! opportunity giving scope to the full exercise of her natural disposition, her life became a continued scene of the most complicated vice and licentiousness—such as none but the most depraved of the human race can by any means conceive. And, instead of a fortune, which was only a pretext, the Chevalier had no alternative but to sue for a divorce, to prevent his im-

mediate ruin. But, though thus disappointed in happiness, honours still awaited him; for, by a council of general officers, at which the Prince of Condé and the Marshal Duke de Broglie presided, the Chevalier was invested with the first capitulation in the new army, and made a proprietor of the corps of *Chasseurs Royaux des Princes*: besides, he was honoured with the execution of various important concerns.

Some time after, the Chevalier was sent to England, to provide for the army of Coblentz, and to procure arms for the royalists in Normandy. All these commissions he performed in the given time, but not without sacrificing considerable sums of his own private fortune, which for many years were not returned to him.

This transcendent merit, however,

could not secure the Chevalier from the effects of a cabal at Coblentz ; where St. Morys, comptroller of finances, and a relative of M. de Calonne, to oblige the Chevalier to resign his commission to the son of St. Morys, a boy only eighteen years of age, procured his arrest in the Netherlands, and compelled him to yield his consent ; being further advised to it by the Duke de Broglie, to prevent the entire ruin of the fortune of the Chevalier.

Exclusive of an immense sum due to him at that time from the king of France, M. St. Morys, the comptroller of finance, found means to defraud the Chevalier to a large amount, which he had appropriated to his own use ; for which, in his official capacity at Coblentz, it was impossible to bring him to an account.

As for the base St. Morys, from

England he embarked in the Quiberon expedition, in which, with many braver men, he fell.

Still in his honour as a soldier, and in his pursuit of fair fame in the line of his profession, it was the fate of the Chevalier, in conjunction with several intriguers, to be opposed by his former wife! During his operations in the Low Countries, this lady came to Liege; a mere agent in the hands of others, though she pretended that in her divorce she had suffered unmerited disgrace. The Chevalier for some time treated all their efforts with contempt. In fact, his enemies availing themselves of the Chevalier's humanity to a woman, who, instead of the friend, proved the most bitter foe, proceeded so far as to poison the ear of power, and to close it against all the appeals of justice and insulted honour!

In fine, his reiterated attempts to obtain the former, at length convinced him, that it was useless to have friends, attestations, or patronage, while a minister or his party were prejudiced against him.

Disgusted with this rank partiality, and with seeing some others, half his age, promoted above him, he ultimately retired from the service, and reluctantly exchanged the sword for the pen, though equally qualified to wield both the one and the other.

But though more than one cabinet were among the debtors of the Chevalier for the brilliant services he had performed, the honour of the soldier in him still rose superior to all mercenary or mean motives. When he saw the fortune of the day had turned against his legal sovereign and the royal exiles, he generously renounced

every claim he had upon them. “ I carried,” said he, “ my honour and my fortune to Coblantz; and this, and my blood, I devoted to the cause of the princes and nobility of France: but now, even though the fortune of war has thrown one of them, as it were, in my power; ruined and distressed as I am, upon legal payment I shall never insist!—No! let others follow my example, and there is only another creditor who holds his notes of hand. Let that person,” continued the Chevalier, “ like myself, rescind and annul every legal claim, until the princes are reinstated; and this will be the best proof of the sincerity of their attachment to the royal cause.” But, alas! such a high sense of honour and disinterestedness, was not the growth of every bosom, otherwise the temporary retirement of a certain

personage to Holyrood House, might have been unnecessary. Yet, after all, the *bread* which the Chevalier thus nobly *cast on the waters of affliction, was not lost*; for after many days he found it again.—Though it was long, long indeed, before any medicine could “minister to a mind diseased.”

He was a true patriot; and well-regulated patriotism is nothing less than divine! The exercise of public virtue touches nearly the spirit and powers of the Deity, as recognised in all its various branches, and influence on nature, and the Universal Cause. The true patriot is an emblem of all beneficence. Without partiality, or prejudice, he spreads joy around him. In the well-founded principle of civil liberty, he is an host in himself. With one hand he grasps a people's rights:

with the other, breaks the chains of intolerance and slavery! The blessed effects of patriotism are not only felt and acknowledged at the present time, but extend beyond it. Future ages, and future generations, shall awake to life, and light, in the fostering bosom of a country's independence, enshrined in the sanctuary of a free constitution.—Immortal as the soul it animates, the patriot spark can never die! And though heaviness may depress, and a night of dark desolation collect over it—with the morning's dawn, joy shall come again, and the new day rise in full glory upon the measure of reform, and the rights of man!—Love of country is a perfect quality, on principles incorruptible; and, resisting adulteration, as precious metals which bear the fire,—it will undergo every process of

art, without diminishing in weight, or losing substance.—If the sun did not exist, our being would become a lifeless state. Its quickening virtue is essential to the growth and perfection of animals; and it is the blessing in nature which charms and delights us most.—In a moral point of view, upon the same principle, patriotism is ordained. It combines the revival and preservation of all human kind. By its wisdom, general happiness is planned and contrived: by its power, the relations in society are connected and linked together. The political disposition and proportion of its parts, demonstrate its divine character. Confined to no rank or condition, but common to all—as tending to the ultimate security and benefit of mankind; it diffuses general gladness throughout the soul of nature.

To this principle may be traced the social and physical existence of a community of citizens, established in the bond of union and natural right. Every thing which imports a nation's internal safety and prosperity, is the result of this moral disposition, as exercised to the destruction of moral corruption. By patriotism, the rapacity of a state is checked:—by it, the balance between the governor and the governed, is held with an even hand:—by it, abuses in the political world are reformed, and a happy state of things established:—by it, the true law is enacted, and equal right recognised:—by it, peace, the good of civil society, and all the blessings of religion and nature, are extended to a whole people:—and, by the observation and practice of the social precept, in an *universal sense*, the point of real

utility is attained. Such is the beneficial aim and end of *patriotism* ! Such, its immortal achievements ! Taken literally, it is unlimited good to men, on the broad scale of justice. It is the seed of a generous heart, ripened and brought to perfection by a sound mind ! It is a rare plant—the growth of worth and judgement. It is the essence of public morality, proved by facts, since it has in view the happiness of the human species, according to that law, which recommends equal beneficence to all men.

It was thus that patriotism appeared to the Chevalier, as requiring the subject not only to yield strict allegiance to his king ; but likewise, that, for the preservation of the state, each subject, if called upon, should risk his person and property ; and that though all should be lost but honour, he should

still leave the event to that directing hand, which in time regulates the affairs not only of individuals, but of kingdoms and empires. The Chevalier did so, and was not in the end disappointed—though such had been the artifice and industry of his enemies, as to shut up every avenue to redress: for even the laws of his country had been to him no weapon of defence.—To account for the suspension of his intellect, it should be recollected, that, as a soldier, he had fought in the service of his country, and carried arms in the same cause in which Britain bleeds this day. His whole life had been devoted to military pursuits; and surely he might be permitted to think “*existence, deprived of honour and reputation, is no existence;*” although his being branded by his enemies with the want of both,

was owing to the basest of manœuvres, and the most despicable of the human race. For years he had been the victim of intrigue and malice, and justice had not yet overtaken his enemies. It is true, that the exertions of his friends, and even of many illustrious personages, had in some measure indemnified him for the injury which his fortune had sustained, owing to his zeal, and the voluntary sacrifice he had made in the suffering cause of royalty in France: but their efforts, and their friendship, of which he was proud, had hitherto but little availed against the calumnies of those enemies, of whom he had to complain.

“ The voice of friendship,” he used to say, “ is low, soothing, and melodious, like that of the flute or the harp, confined within the four walls of an apartment;—while the voice of

enemies is like unto drums, and trumpets, and the din of war, proceeding from a thousand mouths, and carried by ten thousand more, far and wide, and into every corner."

However, the sun of the Chevalier, like another upright character of antiquity, was not doomed to set in clouds; his integrity and his fortitude outlived the malice and the weakness of his enemies. Many he saw removed from this sphere of existence; and almost all that survived them, either openly retracted their errors, or otherwise paid homage to his superior virtue. In fact, one of the most inveterate of all, did more! Conscious of the wrongs he had countenanced, with his purse he enabled the Chevalier to recover a very ample property, which he would otherwise have lost in useless and expensive litigation.

In this state he was recognised by the virtuous Benigma and the inimitable Vaga, just at the moment when he was upon the point of quitting Ireland, which had long been to him the land of exile. The meeting of such friends, under such altered circumstances, was more like the joy of celestial spirits than any thing earthly. There was nothing of alloy in this on the part of the Chevalier, but the death of the lamented Edwy; of which, till then, he had never been informed. The loss was sensible, but the acquisition of Angelo and Osmond was greater; and the union of Vaga with this illustrious stranger, formed a constellation of glory seldom seen in our hemisphere.

The sight of Benigma, who had been to him the soother of some of the keenest of his former afflictions, at

once impelled him to alter his resolution of leaving Ireland.

The Chevalier, eager to avail himself of an opportunity for indulging his native generosity, would have removed the whole of the mortgage upon Benigma's property. To this, however, Osmond and Angelo would by no means consent. Benigma now found herself amply rewarded for her former benevolence, both in fortune and friends. She had been the successful guardian of Vaga, who was now under the more efficient protection of her husband, Osmond; and she still delighted in offering her assistance and advice to the younger part of the sex who stood in need of a friend at once enlightened and disinterested. All the return she asked, was *gratitude*; and which, though perhaps oftener found among the *Beau-*

ties than the *Lords* of the creation ; yet, according to received opinions, of all the train of vices that disgrace human nature, *ingratitude* is the most vile. No man, however shameless in his way of life, however licentious in his manners and sentiments ; no man ever had the hardihood to acknowledge the sin of ingratitude :—a decided proof that it is an unnatural crime. The great legislator, Solon, decreed “ ingratitude a capital offence, punishable with death.” The virtue of the Greek law is manifest, although it necessarily bent to circumstances. Gratitude delights the mind, and is lovely to the eye of rectitude, and the heart. It is the offspring of truth, and the darling of humankind ! It is sweet to philosophy, in its usefulness, by blunting the *thorns*, amidst which the *roses* of pleasure and instruction

blow. It is the companion of virtue, and a refinement on reason. What distinguishes the love of religion from the extravagances of an heated fancy? Gratitude!—It is this principle that cherishes an homage of God throughout the world, founded on his works, and makes praise rational. By means of the benefits of existence, gratitude is an operation of the heart, qualified and recognised by the understanding, or it would be impassioned idolatry. Let us look into the constitution of society. From gratitude, union, both public and private, is derived, and the peace and harmony of human intercourse made secure; as it is a certain, but curious truth, that not only the positive conservation of man, but his happiness, in this state, is dependent on the relations established in society. Hence the good-will we owe to others.

Hence the social disposition may be styled truly rational.—Gratitude is pure joy itself; and, if overlooked, not only all that is right and good must be abandoned, but our nature must be changed.—If gratitude be a fair acknowledgement of worth—a thankful equivalent for services—I know of none to whom so much is due, as to our teachers. We owe to them the acquisition of useful knowledge, indispensable to our external condition and moral enjoyments. Whatever is praiseworthy in our minds and manners, is the work of our preceptors. By them the tree was planted, ere the fruit could be produced. Deities of the intellectual world, they preside over the mind;—and, as some flowers turn towards the sun, genius and capacity, in their course of growth, by the power of

information and science, are unfolded, and directed to the purpose assigned to their creation.—The great Alexander justly distinguished the good offices of his tutor: “ Philip may have given me life,” said he; “ but Aristotle taught me how to live.” What a comprehensive saying! worthy the capacity of the hero, and equally honourable to the feelings of the man.—Our teachers are as a light to the mind, for they irradiate the shades of our ignorance.—Instruction is the path that leads to joy and gladness, here, and hereafter, as the virtue it inculcates opens the way to both present and future happiness. Without information and science, the world would be buried in shades, no friendly ray to dispel the gloom of our earthly pilgrimage.—We fill a distinguished rank in society, more or less, as our

of society, and do not, while in the state of natural liberty, easily submit to the yoke of patient labour, to the claims of social urbanity, or to the quiet but obscure comforts of domestic life. They court the storm, and love to excite it; but pine in the calm sunshine of humble civilization.

“ The happy timidity, the native gentleness, the maternal feelings, the muscular inferiority, and the parental infirmities of the female sex, make them averse to the bold and fierce employments of uncultivated man. Their milder character is ever acting imperceptibly to soften his asperities, and to infuse a softer spirit into his mind. Slowly, but with a steady progress, has their magic operated; and in all parts of Europe we find the male savage gradually moulding himself to the wishes of his gentler

companion. In the female form and manners it assumes an attraction which is not long resistible; and once persuaded to submit to it, he feels its value, and exalts it by the addition of his own energies, and by the improvements which his industry and vigour of mind can soon create.

“ The attachment of the female ^{soul} to religion, arises from their ^{sense} as an sensibility of the grateful ^{and} while the tionate feelings; from their ^{natural} love of order, tranquillity, and virt^{ue}, ^{her} the female bosom, the seat of every interesting virtue, naturally loves and cultivates religion. Nothing is surely more interesting to sympathy than to see modest beauty at her orisons, breathing the sweet effusions of grateful adoration, earnest thanksgiving, and unaffected humility. Sincere devotion never exists a solitary virtue; it softens

the heart, purifies the motives, animates the sympathies, and imparts that useful fortitude and perpetual consolation which nothing else can bestow."

If the religion of this happy family, (for such they may truly be called), was simply that of doing good; how much the quantum of this was increased with their enlarged means, the gentre may now judge.—The ear of muscain particular, was ever open infirre tale of distress, and her house thcessible to every applicant. One day, not long after her arrival and establishment in Dublin, and while Benigma and the Chevalier were on a visit, though she had reasons to be private, a decent female seemed extremely anxious to be admitted to her presence; which was no sooner granted, than the stranger seemed so far overcome with the tears and feel-

ings of gratitude, as for a while to impede her utterance. Conscious that she would be known to the excellent being to whom she came to express her more than common obligations, she was surprised to find that not the least trace of her person could be excited in the recollection either of Vaga or Benigma. Her situation was painful; and as an explanation was necessary, while the embarrassed applicant was intent upon nothing but the expression of her thankfulness for former benefits, she was under the necessity of recalling the remembrance of Vaga and Benigma to the circumstance of their visiting the Lock Hospital, and their relief of the once poor, loathsome, and emaciated creature, who then stood before them! She was in reality the very same person, but in a state and condi-

tion so altered and improved, that it would have been impossible for any one to have recognised her, unless she had been known by them previous to that course of vice and licentiousness which had nearly defaced every original feature. She had, indeed, been no ordinary beauty. Naturally a fine commanding figure, the complete restoration of her health, and the partial renovation of her fascinating features, now brightening with a degree of conscious innocence, it was difficult to ascertain whether the joy or the astonishment of Vaga and Benigma were the prevailing passion. And some explanatory details having been entered into, the moral conduct of the poor stranger proved to have been commensurate with their warmest wishes for her reformation, ever since she left the place where Vaga first saw,

and afterwards soothed, her afflictions, by taking her home. In the service to which she had been recommended when Vaga and Benigma left Ireland, she had remained, ever since that period, respected and approved. Their virtuous precepts, but more especially their benignity and commiseration, had sunk deep in her heart; and, assisted by health, the pious resolutions she had formed for her future example, inspired her with a consciousness above the gratification of abandoned or even refined licentiousness, to which they wrongly supposed she had been the victim!—The native dignity and purity of her mind, though it had suffered a temporary debasement, partook of the elegance of her form; and the impressions of beauty and virtue united, are irresistible. In fact, all that can affect the mind, is

superior beauty; and this charm, is style of character. Superior beauty is sometimes united with exterior advantages, and always attached to mental perfection. It is the way to please, and touches the heart most, when it strikes the senses least. . . . Superior beauty, is *general effect*; and the human countenance, like painting, is susceptible, in the highest degree, of that transparent tinting, which produces the true finish distinguishable in expression: a peculiar excellence, that almost seems inspiration. By means of the magic of expression, the homeliness of the body shall sometimes assume the semblance of loveliness itself; and as the rays of the sun enter directly between the air and the light, the force of mind may also be said to fall on the *constituent principle* in all the brilliancy and fulness of solar

illumination. Superior beauty, is nature embellished, and *thrown out*, by a fine contrivance of the clear obscure: an happy thought, a look, a word, will reflect the character. Every thing in it appears the work of enchantment; but, altogether, is superior to art. A blush, a smile, a tear: Oh! lovely combination! Such is the subject before us.—According to an established criterion of true taste, a full blown rose is an incontestable proof, that the line of beauty is independent of proportion, as will appear from a reference to the stalk of that flower. In the same manner, we shall find, that irregular features, all parts being well blended, associate with great harmony, beautifully denoting the *effect* of contrast. The rainbow is the finest coloured phenomenon of nature: but this meteor, when it appears, must

fall on cloud : and it is by shading, as it were, that the *lights* in the picture are distinguished. Indeed, superior beauty lies in shadow ; and the concealment is so ingeniously conducted, that it gives no idea of the *deep tone*, making clear the transparency. Ask the lover, who *truly loves*, of what he is enamoured ? And he shall puzzle himself with questions.—Is it the eyes that sparkle all the charm of beauty and of love ?—Is it the smile that weeps ; hailing, with tears of joy, the pause allowed to rapture ?—Is it the lip of rosy hue, where eloquence, with her thousand voices, raises the inspiring sound ?—How is it that the fairy fascination woos and wins ?—Is the enchantment confined to form, or a feature ?—Or is the magic all in all combined ?—Oh, fruitless inquiry ! Oh, love ! Is not love in-

describable? The magnetic influence of superior beauty is to nature and humanity, what love is to the heart alone! And in the words of the poet :

“ The blessing’s seen invisible the source.”

The pleasure that vibrates at every nerve, is the work of the senses ; and the passions have nothing to do with reason. Joy may be found where the whisperings of wisdom were never heard ; and simple nature feel intuitively that happiness, which no refinement can teach.—To give a definition of superior beauty, I would call it the immortal character, reflected in the human creature. We feel the eccentric warmth, but the clearest human intelligence can penetrate no farther. This is, perhaps, a sublime view of the subject ; and it would be inconsistent,

if the matter were otherwise. The celebration of superior beauty is entitled to the same latitude of imagination as any other work of fancy; and the general intent of these remarks is to prolong the life of fugitive graces, and fix the favoured, fleeting moment, beyond the date of time. Hence the object implies “a thousand volant images”—

“Of love, of beauty, and poetic joy,
And inspiration”——

to be expressed by an artlessness of character, signified in looks that speakingly reflect the finer and lovelier feelings of the mind: and this charming tone (assisted by the happy management of what may be styled adventitious traits of the heart, illustrated, perhaps, by a cadence in the voice, or set off in the grace of attitude,) consti-

tutes the zest of *effect*: a power so surprisingly lovely, that it should seem explicit of a beauty that is inexplicable.

When Vaga gazed on the lovely girl: "How amiable is virtue! 'Virtue in her own shape, how lovely!' when I first saw you, nothing prepossessing was perceptible in your countenance; but now, the expression of it assures me that you have a mind above the common level. If it would not too much affect you, we should be very happy to learn, more at large, how a young person, such as you now appear, could possibly have been reduced to the situation in which we first saw you."—"It is a long story," said she; "but your kindness will perhaps furnish you with patience to attend; and my anxiety to convince you, that, guilty as I have been, I am not the

vile wretch you may suppose me, will more than overbalance the reluctance I may feel to dwell on a subject which it must ever be painful to me to reflect upon.

Your kind and flattering remark of the alteration you perceive, obliges me to confess, that it is to your benevolent interference; for, till then, I was totally unused to labour, and considered it as a means by which I could never hope to gain a livelihood.

We need not be surprised at the assertion of this interesting female; for the best relish of all our pleasures most undoubtedly results from honest and useful employments. It is almost proverbial, that "labour is the sweetener of rest." But it is in the highest degree unjust to suppose that there is any thing despicable or low in labour, whether it consists in the application

either of body or mind ; and it is very erroneous to suppose, that people who appear to sit in a manner at ease, are therefore excused from their share of the common burden. The tailor, the watchmaker, and others, who sit at their boards, sheltered from the inclemencies of the air and the weather ; nay, even the merchant in his counting-house, and the scholar in his study, all contribute, in their degree, to the common stock, and frequently expend both their health and their strength by their sedentary lives. Labour does not consist merely in action, otherwise those who spend most of their time in shooting, hunting, and fishing, might claim their share of industry, and its benefits. But, as usefulness constitutes the principal importance of the life of man, he who sweeps the highway might dispute the palm with

many who move in a higher sphere. The beasts may, and do labour; but not with the advantage of knowing, like man, the utility of it. It is by the means of labour only, that we enjoy all our comforts, and the advantages we possess above men living in a savage state. Labour is also the source of our riches, and very frequently of the superiority which we enjoy above our neighbours, less active than ourselves. Pleasure and amusements frequently pall the senses: and it has been said, that those happy persons who may be unacquainted with that uneasiness of mind which the French call *ennui*, have nothing to do but to pass a whole week in absolute idleness.

The laborious of any description whatever, seldom want necessities: the idle, either actually feel, or imagine, the loss of all. The former is

honoured and esteemed, because he is useful, while the latter is despised. The idle, not being able to persevere in a course of laudable industry, and yet not capable of remaining totally inactive, fall frequently into the excesses of gaming, drinking, or debauchery. Hence uneasy reflexions; vain regret; fears for the future; and numerous sensations to which the industrious are entirely strangers.— But such are the prejudices and the blindness of mankind in general, and particularly of those who are untaught, that they are led to suppose a life of labour to be a calamity, rather than a blessing. They do not imagine that a life of indolence, even connected with opulence, is little better than splendid misery. They are not aware that our very make and form are sufficient indications we were born to

labour, — and that the indulgences, equally with the necessities of mankind, ought to be looked upon as so many different claims upon his exertion. Besides, labour is the pathway to honour and dignity, without any debasement of the species. Hence promotion; and hence the rewards bestowed upon each other, as so many testimonies of gratitude, esteem, and confidence. In a word, there is something godlike in the communication of these rewards and distinctions; consequently it is by means of these, that magistrates, kings, and princes, distinguish merit, and bestow the best recompense upon the talents or the fidelity of their fellow citizens and subjects.

It is with titles as with wealth: he who is without them, supposes such distinctions to be truly enviable:

he who has them, imagines real happiness to rest with those who possess these advantages in a higher degree than himself. Greatness, no doubt, has its benefits, because even the most empty titles obtain some respect among men, who are generally ready to flatter those above them: yet the great, to whom these distinctions are familiar, soon cease to relish them. To lose them entirely, would, no doubt, be afflicting. The first time one of this description is decorated with a star, a riband, or an epaulette, he is, no doubt, equally pleased as a child with something new in its dress. A nobleman at length wears his star, or any other mark of distinction, with the same indifference as his shoes and stockings.

As to greatness; there is no rank, no office, which is devoid of its duties. It is just, that those who share the

honours conferred by the state, should bear a part in its services. Even the sovereign (in England), is bound by the laws; and there are scarcely any beneath him, however elevated they may be, who are not accountable for their conduct to their superiors. Often, while the soldier reposes in his tent, the chief of the army must exchange his sleep for toil and watching. Each of the officers are again responsible for the conduct of all committed to their charge. It is the magistrate, also, who is expected to maintain good order and tranquillity: the people have only to enjoy the fruits of their vigilance. The common mechanic labours when he pleases, and quits it without being liable to be asked why he does so. But his superiors, who are in office, must execute their duties at certain times appointed by others: private

engagements, propensities, and habits, must frequently give way to the public service: and the higher the office, the greater is the disgrace of those persons who fail in their duties. Since, therefore, all men are dependent, and must, to be happy, engage in some useful employment or labour; he will be most so, who has the art of enjoying his situation: and who, keeping religion and virtue in view, can derive the purest pleasures alternately from labour and rest, from society or from solitude, according to the situations in which he may be placed.

But to return to the history of this young woman:—Vaga learnt, from her own account, that she was the daughter of respectable parents, her father bearing some rank in the army. She was an only child; and no expense had been spared to give her a liberal

education. She was the delight of her parents, and the admiration of the surrounding gay young men, who visited her father's house. Among these was an officer, who paid particular attention to Maria. He was elegant in his form, and fascinating in his manners: but, alas! his heart was not so good as an external appearance so prepossessing would lead one to suppose: he was secretly addicted to many vices; and, under the fair show of sentiment and virtue, he hid a depravity little suspected by those who were but slightly acquainted with him.

Maria, indeed, was peculiarly unfortunate; for her attachment to this man was seen and approved by her friends, though for some time the seducer only endeavoured, by every artful mean, to win her affections, but

never made any express declaration of his passion, or made any overtures to her parents. In this situation of affairs, her father was called upon suddenly to join his regiment, then abroad. He blessed his daughter, commended her to the care of his friend and brother officer, who, he doubted not, waited but for some farther promotion (he being below Maria's father in rank), in order to declare himself. Soon after the departure of her father, this officer withdrew himself, and insinuated that his attentions to Maria were merely those common civilities which men of gallantry are always expected to pay a fine woman ; " that he never meant any thing serious !" and in answer to a question that was put to him, " If he had not addressed her ? " he said, " He had never made love to her." Ridiculous subterfuge ! He

stole into her heart by the help of those silent, tender observances, which are the surest batteries, when there is time and opportunity to play them off. Could any man, who had thus stolen into the heart of a female, and then left her a prey to disappointment, assert that "he meant nothing?" Where is the impartial judge, who would not declare that his conduct was not less dishonourable than if he had kneeled at her feet, and sworn a million of oaths? Let me ask you, ye single men, if you do not at this moment know too many of our helpless sex, whom ye yourselves have devoted to this most painful of all disappointments? And can ye acquit yourselves of dishonourable proceedings, who have by a thousand little attentions, by ardent looks, by those various methods ye have used, endeavoured to in-

sinuate yourselves, by saying—"you meant nothing! you had no thoughts of matrimony! and that it is very unreasonable the world should form conjectures otherwise, when nothing was further from your intention." It is indeed very hard a man cannot enjoy the company of a female friend, but a report must immediately be propagated, that a union is to take place: it is a very great hardship, but the weight must fall on the deluded and too credulous of that sex, while ye yourselves can raise your heads triumphantly, and say—"you meant nothing!"

But in this, as in many other cases, the world judges by the appearance of things. When the world, therefore, sees a man frequently in the company of an agreeable woman, every way suitable to him, taking every opportu-

nity of convincing her of the same, such as the tender glance, the frequent sigh, contriving to be near her, pressing her hand with fervour when unobserved, and a hundred other little things, which, trifling as they may seem in relation, when used by a man, in appearance amiable and in earnest, steals into the breast of an unsuspecting woman ; can this man, in honour, to culminate himself, although the word *love* had never escaped his lips?

Weigh this well in your minds, ye men of honour, ye men of feeling ; feel the distress which fills the female bosom after such a seduction of the heart and affections. Maria was a woman with all her sex's softness ;—one who has felt all the keen anguish from which I would induce you to save them in future. At a time when her heart was softened by the most fer-

vent stroke of affection it had ever sustained, grief left it unprotected and defenceless—it became a prey to love, and consequently to distress of a deep tincture: but though, like the hardy veteran, who feels his wounds but little when he recounts his former danger, her anguish soon abated; yet, when this ardour has subsided, his pains in a measure return; so in her breast, on the painful recollection of her sufferings, an indelible sorrow remains, bringing back the recollection of anguish which she endured from one who “meant nothing.” Alas! when death and destruction are dealt around us, is it an alleviation to be told, “I intended nothing serious! I meant nothing?”

Oh! ye *meaners of nothing*, inspect yourselves. Whatever you may think of it, your conduct is very repreh-

sible. Some of you have a subterfuge, if possible, more base and cruel. You play with the affections of some amiable and deserving object, whose only weakness is, perhaps, her attachment to you; because you gave her all the reason to suppose you only waited for an opportunity of making a formal address. Your behaviour has also been such as to induce every one to be of the same opinion: yet, as you have never given it under your hand, or before a witness, you think you can get off: and thus, after a series of behaviour of the utmost assiduity, all on a sudden you change. You throw out hints that come round to her ear, *that you meant nothing*. Next time she meets you she feels a painful emotion, which discovers itself in a distant reserve: you behave only with formality, or with total un-

concern. This increases her displeasure; for how could she be otherwise than displeased? Thus, then, your wish is answered. She was not the person you took her to be: you are very happy things proceeded no farther.—Mistaken man! you have proceeded too far already; you cruelly planted daggers in that breast, which never breathed a wish but for your happiness!—Many, in this, will see their own pictures. But if you reflect, that the impressions you may have made were owing to the amiable light in which you appeared, as men of honour ye will repair the breaches ye have made in the female bosom.—This desertion Maria felt deeply; but as he had made her no promises of constancy, she could with no reason reproach him with breach of faith, even had she so wished; but her pride

made her hide in her own bosom the grief which corroded her heart : yet her altered looks, and pallid face, betrayed a secret she would have gladly concealed. This was exactly the result he wished : his aim was to fill her mind with uneasiness, and to discover, by her sorrow, how far he had succeeded in making an impression on her heart. Her health was materially injured : for “ concealment, like a worm i’ th’ bud, preyed on her damask cheek ;” and a low nervous fever was the consequence of her inward grief. When the artful contriver heard of her indisposition, he flew with the utmost speed to her mother, and begged permission to see his fair friend, his lovely Maria, as he called her. The anxious parent for some time hesitated : but his earnest manner, and his assurance that he had

something of the first importance to communicate, joined with the hope that his renewed attentions might benefit her suffering child, induced the mother to admit a man, whom, had she known, she would sooner have trusted her daughter in the power of an enraged tiger, than within the baneful influence of vice in virtue's form.

When admitted to the presence of Maria, he deeply deplored her malady; and when she hinted some surprise at his absence, he told a long and plausible tale, of some disrespectful things which he pretended she had been reported to have said of him. "I am sure," said she, "I never insinuated or asserted any thing disrespectful of you. Who could be the authors of so gross a falsehood?"—"Regard it not," he cried, taking her hand: "if you

were guilty of the greatest fault, I am sure your present condition would completely disarm me of all resentment: but I do not think you entertain so ill an opinion of me, as to represent me as a mere dangler, a despicable wretch, unworthy of your regard." Maria assured him she had always had the highest opinion of him, and had ever spoken of him accordingly. He expressed the warmest gratitude for her good opinion, and redoubled his attentions. In a short time Maria recovered her health, though her heart was pierced deeper than ever by the fatal passion which before was but too ardent. An event now took place, which in some measure assisted him in his designs: this was the death of Maria's father, who fell in battle, and left his wife bereft of her best joy, and his child open to

the attacks of an artful villain, too ready to profit by her unprotected situation.

Oh, war! and are there any who can love thee in all thy hideous deformity! with all thy blood and carnage, ruin, devastation, and horror, around thee!

When I heard the hero, who destroyed his fellow men, extolled, this was my reply: "I cannot love an hero"—my imagination became heated—the following rhapsody escaped me:—

Certainly war is the scourge of mankind for their crimes; and a successful warrior, the avenging rod of the Almighty! And shall men fall down and adore the very demon appointed by Providence to chastise them. Let us follow him into the field of his actions: are they such as shall engage our admiration? Is the sight of human blood de-

lightful to the eye of man? Hark! the trumpet bids death stalk forth! Man, though born to experience pain from every quarter, now hastens to inflict it on his fellow man! without provocation, and without remorse! See! the battle rages! the wise, the great, the good, the vile, and base, fall in one undistinguished ruin!—By what hand is the blow dealt?—by some natural enemy, to whom their existence is an evil; or by some highly injured fellow-creatures, whose injuries, tho' they cannot justify, might yet be allowed to plead in excuse, for their revenge? Oh, no! the hand of a brother deals the blow, who cannot be excited to it by revenge; for, till that moment, most probably the combatants never met.—But fierce ambition gives the word; the leader advances at its summons, and his troops rush after him, they know not

wherefore ; but, like a machine, move at the will of their conductor ! When Maria heard of the death of her parent, her heart was pierced with grief, and she relapsed into her recent indisposition : but her lover was at hand ; he soothed and comforted her, assured her of his most tender regard : and when she exclaimed, “ I am left without a protector ! the director of my youth is gone ! ” — “ Am I not at hand, my Maria ? ” said he ; “ lean on me ; I will be more than a father to you ; I love you more than life ; and I will protect you with my heart’s blood ! ” Maria’s spirits were broken ; and she looked on this villain as an angel of consolation : — she confided too much in his specious professions ; and, in an evil hour, she yielded to him a treasure she could ne’er recall.

He now redoubled the assiduity he paid her, assured her nothing but his want of rank prevented his marrying her immediately; but said a near relation had promised him his interest to procure him promotion, and that in the mean-time he dare not marry, as he suspected this relation wished him to marry a niece of his. These assurances somewhat comforted the poor Maria; but she pined in secret; and the consciousness of guilt rankled at her heart. Her lover's entreaties, joined with her own fears of increasing her mother's grief, which still was deep and corroding for the loss of an amiable and affectionate husband, prevented her reposing in the bosom of her parent a secret she could trust to no ear beside. Happy would it have been for her, if these considera-

tions had less weight ; for to an adherence to them was owing her succeeding calamities.

For a considerable time she remained with her mother : but the caresses of her parent seemed as so many cutting reproaches ; and the very looks of her friends, were to her as the most bitter reproofs. Add to this, she found herself in a way which would have rendered long concealment impossible : — and, indeed, the native openness of her temper made duplicity, to her, a most painful task. Her betrayer being also in constant dread that some inadvertence would one day discover his baseness, as he wished much to preserve a fair character in the world, he constantly importuned her to quit her mother's, and repair to Dublin, where he would take her apartments, and treat her as

his wife till it was in his power to make her so in reality; which, he added, he hoped would not be long. Maria's situation became every day more pressing; and at last, with hesitating reluctance, she quitted the maternal roof, and left her mother a prey to every sorrow which uncertainty and dread of unknown evil can inflict. What must have been the feelings of this man, if the voice of nature had not been silenced within him, to view the misery he had brought upon the once lively Maria, now a pale and pensive sufferer, and to reflect on the distraction of her widowed mother, now bereft of her last and only comfort!—Had he possessed one spark of humanity, one grain of justice, surely he must have partaken of the grief he caused. But few, oh justice! understand or practise thy precepts! The

man who is truly just to himself, enjoys the blessings of his rank within an exact limitation, proportionate to his temporal and spiritual welfare. He will emancipate himself from vulgar errors, aware that they seduce the mind into a perpetual scene of chaos, and difficulties. He will shun all that is hurtful, and cultivate improvement in thinking and acting. He will rigidly observe his duty to his neighbour, in order to enjoin an equivalent, by the law of reciprocity ; and he will faithfully discharge the debt which every rational being owes his country ; namely, promote her interests and guard her rights, at his life's risk. Justice is the basis of every social and individual virtue. It enjoins probity in our dealings—sincerity in our manners. It ordains the practice of truth ; and the latter character signifies humanity,

charity, and the love of our species. Justice, is right; and right is natural law. Justice is equity; and equity is established law. Justice is all sublime and energetic. The punishment of the common enemy, she cries aloud, is mercy shown to the common cause; and when her sword sheds the blood of the guilty, it is in the hope that the vital torrent may arrest the progress of vice, and awe the misled. Justice is the altar of happiness, and the throne of peace! Justice is the guardian of life, liberty, and property! Justice would institute distinctions in the order of society, and acknowledge men equal in the state of nature! In a word, the true observance of justice throughout the world, would secure the tranquillity and prosperity of every people and state in the universe! According to this law, no nation would encroach on the territory of

another; nor any citizen transgress the happy order of universal justice. By this means, Nature's laws would be acted up to, and the primeval intention fulfilled. The cause of dissension abolished, men would begin to regard each other as brethren. Perfidy and oppression at an end, general happiness would be restored; and the earth, then, display the glory of God! The several orders of the human race, after a long probation, returned to their primitive state, with shouts of gratitude and joy would proclaim the millennium. What a state to regain, and how easy to acquire it! Existence would then be a blessing, because simplicity and purity of manners would prevail. The Garden of Eden would flourish again.

For some time, while in Dublin, Maria was constantly attended by her

lover: but this was too much confinement to be expected long from a man of his character; and Maria soon found that she had to endure hours, nay days, of solitude and anxious grief. However, he still wished to preserve appearances, and was constantly protesting that he only waited a proper opportunity to put an end to a situation so painful. The agitation of her mind soon reduced her to such a state of ill health, as ended in preserving her from the misfortune of "bearing, unhusbanded, a mother's name." Much did Maria hope to find a rest for her suffering heart in the silent grave; yet a naturally good constitution would not permit her to end her pain in that dark retreat, but triumphed over her diseased mind. Health slowly returned; but peace was a stranger to her bosom.

During the long and frequent absence of her lover she occasionally indulged a poetic talent: and the following lines were by her presented to Vaga, as forming a striking picture of the state of her mind at that period:—

Sweet hours of youth and innocence! return,
Nor seek so soon thy last allotted bourn;
Revisit once again this aching breast,
And bring a short, a momentary rest.
They hear, they answer, not! Alas! once fled,
Hours are as distant as the silent dead!
Tears still will flow; and all that mercy can,
Is but to tell me where my grief began;
Is but to point to pleasures that are past,
And whisper, sighing, “they shall be thy last:
No more shalt thou the young and cheerful join,
For anguish *now*, and soon shall age be thine.
Hope not that youth will e’er to thee return,
For he has sought his last allotted bourn.”

Thus the hours crept tardily along;
and Maria anxiously desiring to learn

something of her mother, requested the betrayer of her honour to make some inquiries as to her present situation. She had the mortification to learn that her beloved parent was apprehended to be dying of a broken heart. Maria never ceased upbraiding herself, as the cause of this accumulation of her mother's sorrows; and she used repeatedly to exclaim: "Oh, my mother! if I bring your gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, I shall not long survive you." Lieutenant ——, the betrayer of Maria, really wished to keep measures with her, though so much of his story was true as related to his being expected to marry the niece of a relation; and her fortune was an object of no small consideration. Yet he by no means wished to be branded as the seducer of the child of a brother officer. This dilemma

was to him painful in no small degree; which joined to the reproaches of Maria, whose altered appearance was a constant torment to his sight, acted upon a disposition naturally prone to dissatisfaction, as an excuse for a perpetual adjournment from one tavern to another, to lose the recollection of his domestic situation. He thus acquired a constant habit of drinking, to which he was before in some degree addicted; and Maria had frequently the disgusting object of an inebriated man staggering to her chamber, as an addition to her other sufferings.— Surely a drunken man is an object which must suffuse the face of every human being with crimson.

Thirst is an appetite of the body, which drinking is designed to gratify; and, like all our other natural appetites, is a source of pleasure, till we

exceed the limits of nature's demands : then, instead of a source of pleasure, it becomes the harbinger of disease, and reduces the wretched victim of intemperance to a spectacle of horror ; and, if he frequently repeat his degrading excess, shortens his days, or sinks him at once to beggary and ruin.

To see a man drinking when nature does not require drink, merely to gratify his palate with a slow but certain poison, shows him to possess a very depraved and abject mind : but to see him drinking beyond what his nature can sustain, and reducing himself below the dignity of man, or indeed below the nature of any grovelling reptile that crawls on the earth ; bespeaks a monster, which, if seen but once or twice in an age, would excite the abhorrence and detestation of all mankind upon him for ever after : but,

alas! to the disgrace of our country, this is so common an occurrence, that we scarcely regard it at all. But let us look for a moment on its effects:—

It deprives of reason, Heaven's distinguishing gift to man: and when he is by his own act deprived of this, we ought not to be so unjust to beasts, as to say he is on a level with them! he is worse!—a brute never had reason—man has thrown it away! Health is the next sacrifice: and if it does not immediately take this effect visibly, it never fails to undermine the constitution, and bring on a premature old age. And, what is worse, every success impairs the powers of the mind for ever; till, by repeatedly deranging mind and body, the man is left a stupid, bloated carcass, fit only for the worms of the earth; and perhaps too rank for them. If he is not blessed with fortune—(and

sorry, indeed, am I to say, that some even of rank and opulence are guilty of this low and debasing vice; I fear I might have said many! and their exalted station renders their example the more pernicious)—but lives by laudable industry; this vice, by unfitting him for the duties of his calling, entails poverty as its sure consequence; poverty in its most dreadful, most heart-appalling shape! self-inflicted—and perhaps inflicted, in all its gloomy horrors, on an innocent and helpless family; brought to misery and distress by whom?—a parent! who surely should longest have shielded them from it.

This is too much!—I can here say no more. Ye fathers! think it for me.

Shall I address one word to the softer sex.—What! and are they, too,

guilty of this disgusting vice? I wish I could say no! for I am a woman; and sorry am I to say that my sex can err so foully! But, if drunkenness be odious in a man; what it is in woman, wants a name; and all the powers of language will never furnish us with one, that can express half its deformity, in a sex by nature designed to please and captivate, to soften and improve, the rougher: but, when we see a woman so fallen from her nature, what emotions can she excite, but just abhorrence, and contempt!

The vice of drunkenness leads to many others, by depriving men of their best safeguard,—discretion. But another circumstance, when unfortunately attached to this deplorable propensity, too often adds tenfold to its dangers; and this is keeping late hours; to which the unhappy object

is but too often invited by what he calls conviviality, if not by the mere gratification of the senses.—It is true the Lieutenant was a libertine in principle; but, notwithstanding this, in his attachments, or rather in his victims, he preferred a degree of sensibility; and which, probably, led him to select the unfortunate Maria, as one whose superior mind could add a zest to his enjoyments. From this pre-eminence in vice, for the sake of a momentary gratification, perhaps, he would not have descended, had not the darkness of the night at once presented him with an opportunity and an object, in one of those devoted females that are but too frequently to be met with in the streets of the metropolis. Alas! the natural consequences of this sudden indulgence of a vitiated passion, were soon trans-

ferred to the first victim of his perfidious blandishments. She, however, knew too little of vice to understand the nature of her disease; and he dreaded to inform her of it, lest it should induce her to increase those complaints which were already so irksome to him. Thus she languished; till one evening, returning home in a state of total insensibility, he fell; and as he lay at some distance from the foot-path, the fumes of the liquor suffocated him before he was perceived; and he paid the forfeit of his life for crimes, which, living, had plunged him into difficulties and sorrows, and which stamped his memory, when dead, with infamy and dishonor: but, had he pursued the path of rectitude, he possessed abilities which would have rendered him an honor to his profession.

When her seducer was brought home dead, Maria could not resist an emotion of pity for the fate of one whom she had sincerely loved ; and this, joined with anxiety for her own future prospects, almost distracted her. She examined the state of her pecuniary situation ; and found, that when she had put her lover into the ground, and discharged some trifling debts, she should be almost pennyless. Diseased and dejected, friendless and poor, she knew not which way to look for assistance. To her mother she did not dare to apply ; for she had so often heard her reprobate those parents who pardoned a dereliction from duty in their children, that she could have no hope of her forgiveness. In this miserable situation, she determined to describe, in some degree, her circumstances to the amiable woman

where she lodged. This she did; and her landlady, who knew more of the world than herself, soon penetrated into the real nature of her situation, though she had always been led to suppose Maria a married woman. She at first warmly recommended it to her to return to her mother, and trust to the feelings of nature operating in her favour. But when she questioned Maria on the situation of her health, of which she had before some suspicion, she changed her advice, and recommended her to seek admittance to the hospital. When Maria learnt the nature of her complaint, her heart sunk cold in her bosom, and she felt as if the last beam of hope or comfort was extinguished for ever. "Am I then so?" —She could utter no more, but fainted, and for a few moments was happy in

losing the recollection of her existence. Her friendly hostess used every means to restore her to her senses, and then kindly soothed her afflictions.—“ If you are repentant, Heaven,” said she, “ will pardon your errors ; and surely erring man ought not to be more inflexible.”—She then used her interest to procure Maria admittance into the Lock Hospital ; and, when restored to her health, the kind manner in which she was received by Vaga has been before related.

The history of this unfortunate deeply affected both Vaga and Benigma : but, after a pause, “ Have you not yet informed your mother of your situation ? ” asked Benigma.—“ No,” replied Maria ; “ I fear her inflexible virtue will never pardon a dereliction ; for which, however, my sufferings have surely atoned : and, but for the

goodness of you and your sweet friend, the amiable Vaga, I know not where my misery would have ended."

"Your mother will not refuse to receive you, on my application, I will vouch," exclaimed Benigma. "I will immediately repair to her; and doubt not but I shall restore you to her bosom." After some hesitation, Maria gave a direction to her mother; and Benigma learnt, with no small satisfaction, that she had formerly some slight acquaintance with her. As her residence was in a village at a small distance, Benigma set out immediately, for she never suffered a good intention to be defeated by delay.—When she was introduced to Maria's mother: "It is long," said she, "since we met; but you will excuse my intrusion, when you understand that I come to bring you comfort and happiness."—"You

promise much," replied the afflicted widow; "for, since the loss of my husband and daughter, I have known nought but sorrow."—"The loss of one is irreparable," replied Benigma: "but the other!"—"Oh!" interrupted the fond mother, "mock me not! my Maria is, no doubt, long since dead; or I should have seen her, before this, repentant at my feet. She had not, Madam, a heart naturally bad." Tears here stopped her utterance; and Benigma, seeing that grief for the imagined death of her child had stifled resentment in the maternal bosom, seized this moment to assure her, that her daughter was living, and repentant; and that she only needed to say she would admit her to her presence; to behold the penitent on her knees. She then detailed a brief sketch of Maria's sufferings; and ended

by assuring her, that her conduct, since her first error, had been such as the most rigid virtue must approve.

When the enraptured parent heard that her child was still living, she knew not how to contain her joy, but alternately blessed Heaven and Benigma; and then cried—"Ah! take me to my child! let me again behold my Maria!" Benigma would not repress this burst of natural feeling; but, ordering her carriage, she took the mother of Maria back with her, before Vagá and her visitor expected she had reached her journey's end. To attempt describing the emotions of Maria and her mother at their meeting, would be for art to endeavour to copy some of the most sublime and interesting scenes in nature!—Hearts may feel somewhat of the emotions

such a meeting must produce;—but to those who have no heart, every description must fail to effect any thing like an adequate comprehension of these delicious sensations. Vaga and Benigma were overwhelmed with blessings and acknowledgements; and experienced the high, the heavenly bliss of bestowing happiness on deserving objects.

Vaga and Osmond, Angelo and Chili, with the rest of this happy community, I now leave, having taken up their final residence in Ireland; where the infant children of the Bey, smiling like young Loves, bid fair to rival the merit of their exalted parents.—Methinks I hear the national music swelling through the halls, to celebrate the Genius of the country. —Yes, oh Ireland! our native harp is revived again; and shall tell, in

sweet sounds, to the latest posterity, of that patriot virtue, which moving victorious through this triumphal day, has snatchad from oblivion the venerable instrument of green Erin!—Long! long! may the relic lyre hail the carol band! and, with the newly awakened strain of its gratitude, hallow the heroes of the Emerald Isle.

FINIS.

NOTES.

Vol. I. page 1. *The Abbey of Holy Cross.*—
This Abbey is situate in the county of Tipperary,
about two miles from Thurles;—" and was of the
" order of Cisteaux in Burgundy, being a reformed
" or stricter branch of the Benedictine order. The
" church and monastery of Holy Cross were built
" for the particular purpose of preserving a portion
" of the true cross on which our blessed Saviour
" suffered death. It was buried by the heathens
" under a temple of Venus, in the reign of the
" Emperor Adrian, when he demolished the ori-
" ginal city of Jerusalem: but it was found again
" by the Empress St. Helena; at which time par-
" ticles of it were distributed throughout Christen-
" dom.—Here are seen the noble remains of the
" gorgeous church, with its mullioned windows,
" canopied niches, perforated piscinas, and elabo-
" rate sepulchres dispersed throughout the nave,

“ transepts, and side ailes. Here also may be
 “ traced the rich sacristy, the strong muniment-
 “ house, the solemn chapter-house, the studious
 “ cloisters, the sequestered abbot’s quarters, the
 “ frugal kitchen*, and various other offices. But
 “ all is now a dreary ruin, and a wide waste,
 “ where a deeper silence reigns, than that pre-
 “ scribed by conventual discipline in the twelfth
 “ century: for then the church, at least, was,
 “ seven times in the day, responsive to the great
 “ Creator’s praise. But now a gloomy and pro-
 “ fane muteness has supplanted his worship.—
 “ Such is the blessed change which is blasphemously
 “ attributed to ‘ the light and spirit of
 “ God,’ in the Book of Homilies! Well might the
 “ poet ask †:—What must have been the sacrilege
 “ of such reformers, when what we now view at
 “ Holy Cross was the effect of their piety‡?”—See

MILNER’S *Inquiry into the Antiquities of
 Ireland, &c.*

* These monks observed a perpetual abstinence from flesh
 meat, wine, and all delicacies; and they fasted every day in
 the year, except the Sundays, and within the Paschal time.

† The admired passage of the poet here alluded to, describing
 monastic ruins.

‡ “ Who sees these dismal heaps, but will demand,

“ What barbarous invader sack’d the land?

Vol. I. p. 25. *The Irish character is brave, generous, &c.*—"Every unprejudiced traveller," says the celebrated Arthur Young, "who visits
 ' Ireland, will be as much struck and pleased with
 " the cheerfulness, as obliged by the hospitality, of
 " the inhabitants; and will find them a brave,
 " polite, liberal, learned, and ingenious people."

"It is well known," says another intelligent philosophic writer, "that many Englishmen, who
 " went to Ireland teeming with contempt and de-
 " testation of the people of that country, after a
 " few years' association with them, have returned
 " to their own with a disposition to become, on all
 " occasions, their strenuous encomiasts."—*Essay
 on the Population of Ireland, and the Character
 of the Irish, by a Member of the last Irish
 Parliament, p. 41.*

The same accurate observer justly celebrates the hospitality of the Irish, their native good humour, their boundless charity, their uniform readi-

" But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk, did bring
 " This desolation, but a Christian king!
 " (While nothing but the name of zeal appears
 " 'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs)
 " What must he think our sacrilege would spare,
 " When such th' effects of our devotion are?"

ness to oblige and assist, their uncommon propensity to commiseration, &c.

Doctor Milner also observes:—" I have spoken
" of their hospitality, which indeed is extolled by
" all writers who treat of their character; but it
" is impossible to form a conception of the extent
" to which this is carried, without experiencing it.
" ---I will here mention one instance of it, because
" it is universal, and because, from circumstances,
" it is not susceptible of ostentation. I dare say
" you have wondered what becomes of those crowds
" of women and children, belonging to soldiers who
" have been sent abroad, and of the poor whom
" you see constantly returning from different parts
" of England to their native country, Ireland;
" especially as you know there are no poor-rates
" in that island, nor any other legal provision for
" the support of the indigent. The fact is, the
" charity and hospitality of the people supersede
" the necessity of poor-laws. Every cottage is
" open to each poor person who chooses to enter
" into it.—There the stranger fares as the family
" fare; and there he or she is sheltered from the
" weather, and reposes upon as good a couch as
" they themselves do."

" The Irish have, from the most distant period,

“ entertained the greatest possible respect and affection for the English nation, notwithstanding the frequent and atrocious injuries they have received from it. So much easier is it, according to the doctrine of a great master of human nature, to forgive an injury received, than an injury inflicted.”

Vol. I. p. 26. *Cultivate their love, &c.*—Herein the true greatness of England is to be proved: herein, the good of the state to be consulted: herein, the stability of the crown to be permanently centered in the affections of a powerful people: herein, the empire to be rendered invincible, armed by public spirit, and the allegiance of its citizens. And, lastly; herein, the means of your supplies, guaranteed by the restoration of Irish prosperity, through the medium of a repeal of the Union, and the righteous emancipation of the Catholics.—What does Sir Jonah Barrington (a judge of the land) say?—“ Whatever materially affects Ireland as a country, must necessarily operate upon the interests and safety of England —the relative connexion of the two countries creates a political sympathy between them, which must continue so long as the same sceptre governs both nations.”—“ France was

“ révolutionized by the principles of liberty, which
“ she imbibed in America—England might be
“ ruined by those of corruption, which she counte-
“ nanced in Ireland.”

Vol. I. p. 27. *Overthrow of Irish independence.*
—“ Ireland continued virtually a nation but for
“ eighteen years.—She regained her independence
“ through the energies of her people in 1782 ; and
“ she lost it, by her own representatives, in 1800.”

See *Historic Anecdotes of the Legislative Union
between Great Britain and Ireland.*

The immortal John Locke also observed:—
“ The legislature cannot transfer the power of
“ making laws to any other hands ; for it being
“ but a delegated power from the people, they who
“ have it cannot pass it over to others. The people
“ alone can appoint the form of the commonwealth,
“ which is by instituting the legislature, and ap-
“ pointing in whose hands that shall be ; and
“ when the people have said, we will submit, and
“ be governed by laws made by such men, and in
“ such terms, nobody else can say other men shall
“ make laws for them. The power of the legisla-
“ ture, being derived from the people by a positive
“ voluntary act and institution, can be no other
“ than what that positive act conveyed, which

“ being only to make laws, and not to make legislators, the legislative can have no power to transfer their authority of making laws, and place it in other hands.”

LOCKE *on Government.*

“ Governments are dissolved from within, when the legislative is altered.—The constitution of the legislative is the first and fundamental act of society, whereby provision is made for the continuance of the union, under the direction of persons authorized thereto, without which no one man, or number of men, amongst them, can have authority of making laws, which shall be binding on the rest. When any one or more shall take upon them to make laws, whom the people have not appointed so to do, they make laws without authority, which the people are not therefore bound to obey; by which means they come again to be out of subjection, and may constitute to themselves a new legislative as they think best, being in full liberty to resist the force of those who, without authority, would impose any thing on them.”—*Ibid.*

Vol. I. p. 32. *The Abbey*.—“ The devotion to it, as we learn from Sydney’s state papers, was

“ almost universal throughout the Island.—O’Neil,
 “ the great Ulster rebel, made a pilgrimage to it in
 “ 1559.”—LEDWICH.

Vol. I. p. 86. *Penal statutes*.—“ By these
 “ statutes, the exercise of religion had been held a
 “ crime—the education of children a misdemean-
 “ our—the son encouraged to betray his father—
 “ the child rewarded for the ruin of his parent—
 “ the house of God declared a public nuisance
 “ —the officiating pastor proclaimed an outlaw—
 “ the acquirement of property absolutely prohibit-
 “ ed—the exercise of trades restrained—plunder
 “ legalized in courts of law—and breach of trust re-
 “ warded in courts of equity—the Irish Catholic
 “ excluded from the possession of any office or oc-
 “ cupation in the state, the law, the army, the navy,
 “ the municipal bodies, and the chartered corpora-
 “ tions—and the mild doctrines of the Christian
 “ faith perverted, even in the pulpit, to the worst
 “ purposes of religious persecution.”—*Historic
 Anecdotes of the Union between Great Bri-
 tain and Ireland.*

Vol. I. p. 89. *The Irish brigade*.—Originally
 composed of Roman Catholic refugees. In 1690,
 Montcassel, O’Brien, and Dillon’s regiments, were
 sent to France in exchange; and in the following

year, in consequence of the treaty of Limerick, several more regiments sought refuge and landed in France.

Louis XIV. treated the Irish Catholics as his own subjects; and, in his own words, “ they enjoyed “ the rights of natural born subjects, without being “ obliged to take out letters of naturalization.”— Philip V. of Spain granted the same privileges to Irish Catholics in the service of Spain, which had been granted to them by Louis in France.

Vol. I. p. 112. *The golden fleece*.—“ What else “ was signified by the golden fleece,” said Petrarch, “ but the riches seized by marauders, destitute of “ true riches, and who were clad with fleeces not “ their own.”

Vol. I. p. 151. *It has been often observed*— “ that the fictions of imposture soon give way to “ time and experience, and that nothing keeps its “ ground but truth.” But truth, though not itself to be weakened by the errors of those who *misinterpret*, or *misapply* it, easily becomes subject to caprice and imagination. I shall quote the opinion of a sound philosopher on this subject:— “ Those who cultivate and pursue truth in the “ paths of literature, appeal, in support of their “ opinions, to the higher tribunal of sense and rea-

“ son, from the partial and ill-formed sentences of
 “ conceited critics, who, destitute themselves of
 “ any sterling merit, endeavour to depreciate the
 “ value of that coin whose weight and purity ren-
 “ der it current, and to substitute their own base
 “ and varnished compositions in its stead. Those
 “ self-created wits, who proudly place themselves
 “ in the professor’s chair, look with an envious and
 “ malignant eye on all the works of genius, taste,
 “ and sense ; and, as their interests are intimately
 “ blended with the destruction of every sublime
 “ and elegant production, their cries are raised
 “ against them the moment they appear. To blast
 “ the fame of merit, is their chief object and their
 “ highest joy ; and their lives are industriously
 “ employed to stifle the discoveries, to impede the
 “ advancement, to condemn the excellency, and to
 “ pervert the meaning, of their more ingenious con-
 “ temporaries. Like loathsome toads, they grovel
 “ on the ground, and, as they move along, emit a
 “ nasty slime or frothy venom on the sweetest
 “ shrubs and fairest flowers of the fields.”

See ZIMMERMAN *on Solitude*.

Vol. I. p. 172. *Perseverance and labour*.—It is
 said by a celebrated writer, that “the activity of
 “ genius is unlimited, and the measure of its effects

“ depends entirely upon the steady exertion of its
“ powers. A courageous and persevering industry
“ is capable of surmounting every difficulty, and of
“ performing the highest achievements. The
“ human mind, like a noble tree, extends its
“ branches widely round, and raises them to the
“ skies in proportion as the soil on which it grows
“ is more or less cultivated and manured.”—And
as speaking of the almost impassable windings, relating to the eminence in view, (meaning the difficulty of being known and acknowledged): “ A
“ writer, whatever his character, station, or talents
“ may be, will find that he has a host of malevolent inferiors, ready to seize every opportunity of
“ gratifying their humbled pride, by attempting to
“ level his superior merit and subdue his rising
“ fame. But their envy is a tribute of approbation to his greatness.” And, “ let him listen
“ without emotion to the malevolent barkings and
“ envious hissings that every where attend the footsteps of transcendent merit:—let him

“ Neglect the grumblers of an envious age,
“ Vapid in spleen, or brisk with frothy rage;
“ Critics who, ere they understand, defame;
“ And seeming friends, who only do not blame;

“ And puppet prattlers, whose unconscious throat
 “ Transmits what the pert witlings prompt by rote :
 “ Let him neglect this blind and babbling crowd,
 “ To enjoy the favour of the wise and good.”

This species of malevolence, Zimmerman continues, “ has been feelingly painted by the celebrated Petrarch :—‘ No sooner had my fame,’ says he, ‘ risen above the level of that which my contemporaries had acquired, than every tongue babbled, and every pen was brandished, against me : those who had before appeared to be my dearest friends, instantly became my deadliest enemies : the shafts of envy were industriously directed against me from every quarter : the critics, to whom my poetry had before been much more familiar than their psalms or their prayers, seized, with malignant delight, every opportunity of traducing my morals ; and those with whom I had been most intimate, were the most eager to injure my character, and destroy my fame.’ ”

Vol. I. p. 179. *Bathmendi*.—A term well known in China, meaning happiness.

Vol. I. p. 216. *The Foundling Hospital*.—This institution was formerly very much neglected : in consequence of which, numbers of the children

yearly perished. But within these few years some ladies of the first distinction (among whom was the Marchioness of Sligo) took upon themselves the superintendence; so that, now, as few deaths occur in proportion here as in private life.

Vol. II. p. 46. *Obdurate creditor*.—By a statute enacted in 1810, to the honour of the nation be it said, insolvents are entitled to receive a weekly allowance, equal to their support, at the hands of the creditor at whose suit they have been imprisoned, during the period of confinement; together with some other clauses, equally humane and equitable.

Vol. II. p. 47. *British thunder*.—I allude to the heroic achievements performed in the Peninsula by the British army, under the command of that great military genius, Lord Wellington, and crowned by the important victory of Almeida. In recognising the military history of these gallant exploits, the battle of Albuera has shed great additional lustre on the British troops, (though purchased with the lives of heroes too numerous to mention). The action is sufficient to immortalize the glory of England; but the most conspicuous laurel in the list of our honours on this occasion, is the heroism of two gallant individuals, who bore the colours of the

Bufs:—Ensign Thomas, and Ensign Welsh.—The former, when surrounded by the enemy, forfeited his life in defence of the standard; and the latter, though severely wounded, fell upon the field of battle, in the act of tearing the flag from the staff, and hiding the precious charge in his bosom!—The 87th and 88th regiments (raised in Ireland) are no less entitled to the gratitude and admiration of the country; having on that glorious day, when repulsed by the French, rallied, took off their jackets, and rushing on, with “brands of steel,” charged the enemy, retook their colours, and at the point of the bayonet routed a legion, ten to one against them.

Vol. II. p. 77. *Egypt, &c.*—The reader should be informed, that the account relating to Egypt, and the aforesaid islands, is taken from an eye-witness:—the author’s husband (Captain Peck) having had the honour to serve the campaign in Egypt. His name may be seen in the return of officers wounded in the action of the 13th March, 1801.

Vol. II. p. 86. *The chapel of Valetta.*—A massy chain of gold, employed as a security to the door of the altar, but plundered by Buonaparte, was sent by him to the mint.—It was esteemed a chief ornament, and the value of it was immense.

Vol. II. p. 132. *A Mamlouk chief*.—The head of a divan, of twenty-four sangiacks, beys, or lords.

Vol. II. p. 226. *The great pyramid, &c.*—This pyramid is composed of stones thirty feet long, covered with hieroglyphics. The letters of M. Savary assign six hundred feet to each face of the great pyramid, and four hundred and eighty feet for its perpendicular height.

The barbarous ignorance of modern Egypt has circulated this questionable legend; but a modern writer has, with much more probability, suggested that the ancient pyramids were temples dedicated to the worship of the sun; and has at least supported his hypothesis with a number of ingenious arguments. Consistently also with this new theory, another writer has suggested, that the hieroglyphics that decorate the exterior of the pyramids, served the people at Cairo as almanacks.

Vol. III. p. 14. *The Arabs*.—"It is not without reason," says Mons. Volney, "that the inhabitants of the desert boast of being the purest and best preserved race: for never have they been conquered, nor have they mixed with any other people by making conquests. They have in every respect retained their primitive

“ independence and simplicity, and have established among them a state of things, which has appeared to the wisest legislators as the perfection of human policy.”—See *Mons. VOLNEY’S*

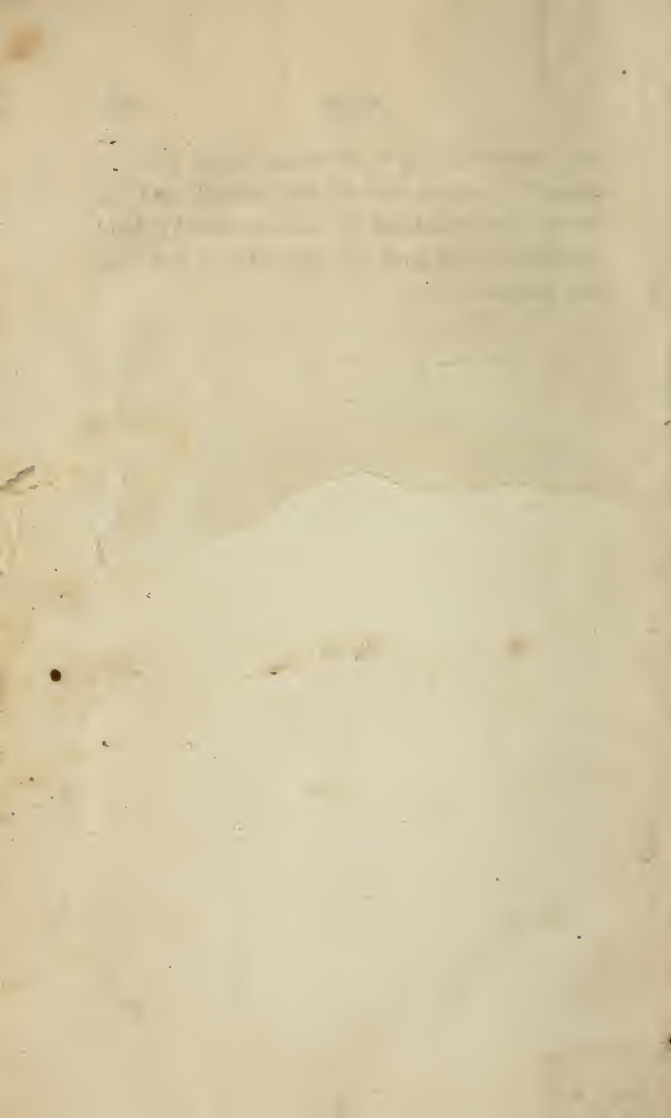
Travels through Syria and Egypt.

Vol. III. p. 28. *Ruins of Palmyra*.—The inhabitants of Asia ascribe these immense buildings to Solomon. “ He built strong walls there,” says the *historian* Josephus, “ to secure himself in the possession, and named it Tadmour, which signifies the place of palm-trees.”

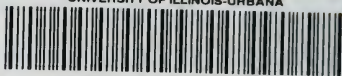
Vol. III. p. 105. *Turkish treachery*.—While the British army, under the command of General Lord Hutchinson, had possession of Alexandria; three Beys, who commanded the corps of Mamlouks, were treacherously murdered by order of the Porte. The manner of it was as follows:—The Beys, having been invited to dinner with the English Admiral, Lord Keith, on board his ship, the Captain Pacha ordered his barge to convey them. They took with them only three attendants. A Turkish vessel, filled with soldiers, bore down upon them, and fired, which was the signal for the boatmen to attack the Beys; whereupon the slaughter commenced. The Beys bravely defended themselves;

but, overpowered by numbers, at length fell. A council of war was held by the British; and the bodies of the murdered Beys, demanded by Lord Hutchinson, and given up, were interred with military honours.





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